

The Sketch

No. 825.—Vol. LXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



THE EMPRESS WHO RECEIVED A NEW TITLE AND £1,500,000 IN PRESENTS EVERY TEN YEARS:
THE LATE EMPRESS-DOWAGER OF CHINA.

The late Empress-Dowager has been described as the Semiramis of China, and her hold upon the Empire and the Emperor was remarkable. The Emperor, indeed, was nothing but a figure-head, and to all intents and purposes the Empress-Dowager was Queen of China. She was born in November 1834, the daughter of a military official, and was given the name of Yehonala. At the age of sixteen she was chosen for the Emperor Hsien Feng as a concubine of the fifth class. She was raised to the dignity of Imperial Consort after the birth of her son. The late Empress was extremely luxurious in her ways. Every ten years she received an additional title, carrying with it £45,000 a year, to say nothing of valuable presents. To her credit be it said that on her sixtieth birthday, when Japan was at war with her country, she placed most of the gifts she received, which amounted to about one and a half million sterling, into the war-chest.—[Photograph by Bain.]



A Play to See. On Wednesday evening of last week I paid a visit to Terry's Theatre, where Mr. Forbes Robertson and his company are appearing in Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's play, "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back." Let me admit at once that my visit was one of curiosity. I had been told that I should be interested, and that I should be bored; that I should be amused, and that I should be shocked. This much, at any rate, I knew before I went into the theatre—that I should have the privilege of hearing and watching the actor who is, so far as my humble opinion goes, the finest romantic player of our day. I propose to refer later to Mr. Forbes-Robertson's performance. In the first place, let me state that "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back" is a play that nobody who is capable of appreciating a noble theme handled in a fine, sincere, and fearless way can afford to miss. I went to gape, and I remained to applaud with all my heart. I have never seen a play at which it would be easier (or cheaper) to sneer. It is lacking in technical skill. Mr. Jerome's characters are all far too bad in the first act, and all far too good in the third. His characterisation is not subtle. But these faults are redeemed by the sheer nobility of the second act.

**Mr. Jerome's
Pluck.**

You will be familiar with the idea of the play. You have, in one London boarding-house, a Cheat, a Slut, a Painted Lady, a Shrew, a Snob, a Bully, a Hussy, a Satyr, a Coward, a Rogue, and a Cad. To them enters a mysterious stranger, whose personality works as a spell on the household, with the result that all are reformed. In the second act, Mr. Jerome set himself the extraordinarily difficult task—difficult from the literary as well as the technical point of view—of bringing these characters one by one into collision with the mysterious stranger, and showing the audience the actual process of reformation. Had he endowed the stranger with divine powers, his task would have been sufficiently simple. But this is not his plan. The stranger approaches his subjects as a man of the world—a man of intense sympathy, of great knowledge, of striking eloquence, but still a man of the world. Having a perfect understanding of each type, he goes straight to the weak spot in their armour of selfishness and cynicism. There is no monotony. The differentiation in the mode of attack is clever to a degree. And the dialogue is so obviously sincere that there cannot be the slightest suspicion of irreverence. All praise to Mr. Jerome for this play. We have but one other playwright who could have written it, and he, I think, is too shy.

**Acting at its
Highest.**

As to the part of the mysterious stranger, I have not the least hesitation in saying that Mr. Forbes Robertson is the only actor on the English stage who could have played it. Here, again, Mr. Jerome showed courage, for, had Mr. Forbes Robertson rejected the play, it might just as well have been put on the fire. As it is, I feel sure that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is destined to take a prominent place in Mr. Robertson's répertoire. The London playgoer, maybe, is too shallow or too cynical to come under the spell of it, but there are thousands of playgoers all over the country who will be stirred to their depths by this daringly simple play, and the beautiful acting of the chief player. I do not remember that I have ever seen Mr. Forbes Robertson to such advantage. His dignity and his wonderful charm of manner cannot find full expression in Hamlet. I admired his Othello enormously, but the part is too savage for him. See him in the second act of Mr. Jerome's play, and if you are calm and untouched when the curtain falls I shall be sorry for you. I have

MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

(*"Chicot"*)

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

rarely seen anything so beautifully played as the scene between Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Haidee Wright. When I looked at the empty benches at the back of the pit, I wondered how many people there are in London who really care a straw for the fine art of acting.

**"It Behoves You to
Play the—"**

Here is an extraordinary paragraph from *Votes for Women*, the official organ, I believe, of the Suffragette movement: "There are many women who are shielding themselves at the present moment behind their temperament." They are not 'fighters,' they say. The artistic temperament is no excuse for being a coward, though many people seem to think it is. To be a coward now is to be a traitor. Whether you are naturally a fighter or not, it behoves you at this crisis to play the woman." In other words, gentle lady, it behoves you at this crisis to leave your home, your husband, and your children, to run up and down in the mud like a dog that has lost its master, to kick other women's husbands on the shins because they are doing the work that they are paid to do, to set the younger generation, including your own children, an example of vicious violence, only pausing to be thrust ignominiously into prison—or to be photographed. It may be that you desire the vote, but that you have your own opinion as to the best way to get it. That does not matter in the least. It behoves you at this crisis to play the game of the shouters and the notoriety-mongers. Their reward may not be any reward to you, but what of that? Away with gentleness! One—two—three—"VOTES FOR WOMEN!"

**"Kind Deeds,
Limited."**

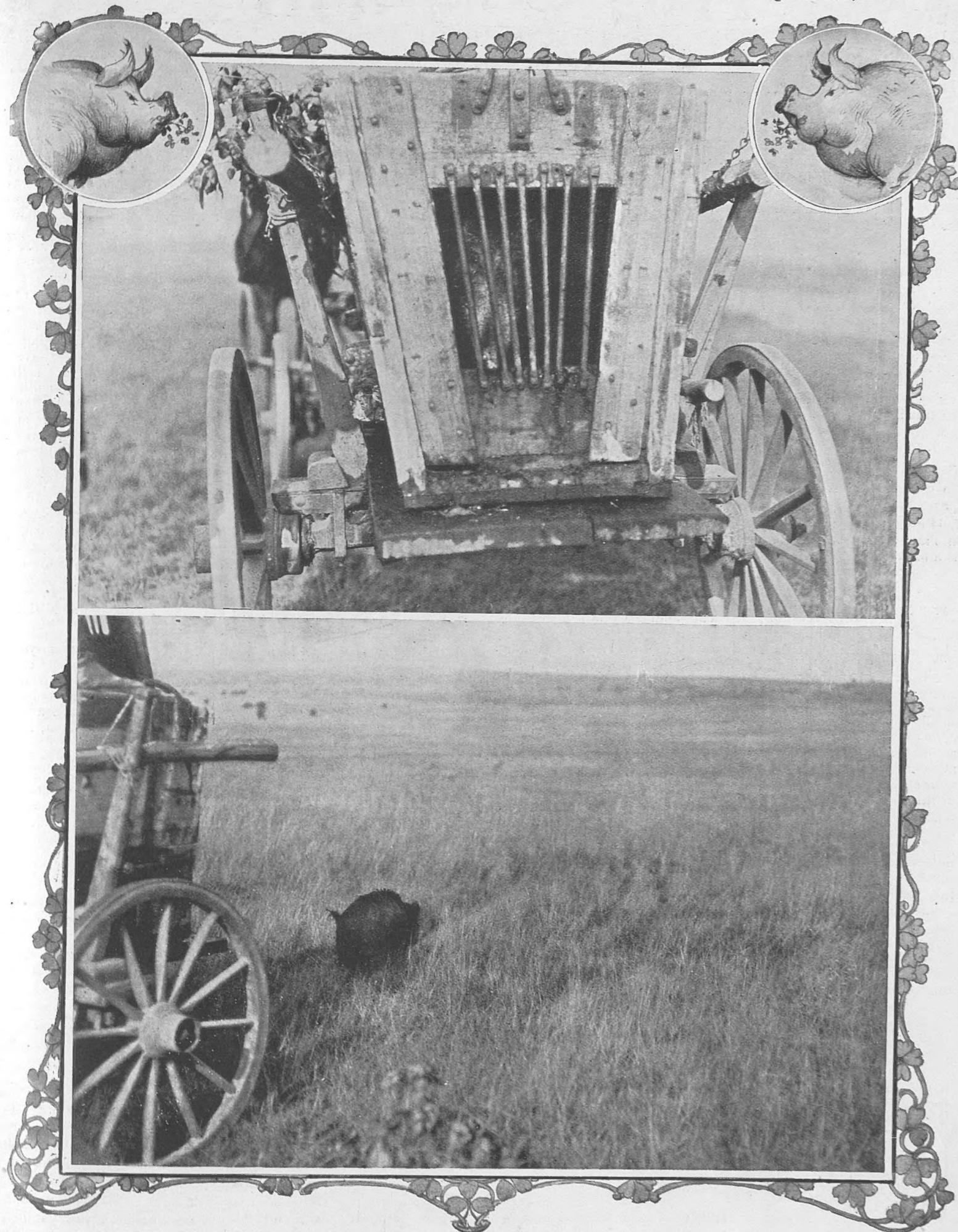
Each year, as Christmas approaches, the spry editor looks about him for somebody who has something new to say on the subject of tipping. If he looks long enough, he is pretty sure to get what he wants, for tipping is a subject that lashes the imaginations of most of us into a condition of lurid brilliance. Canon Barnett, for example, has hit upon a grievance that nobody, I think, has lately tackled. Writing in the *International*, he says: "When tipping ceases to be personal and becomes a subscription, it loses its essential character." That is quite true, and it needed saying because the subscription-tip is becoming more and more popular among the tipped. They have kindly taken our promiscuous charity in hand and organised it for us. My postman does not touch his cap and wish me a merry Christmas. He hands me a dirty paper with a lot of names scribbled upon it in pencil, and is even good enough to refer me to last year's list, in order that I may know how much is expected of me by the "Christmas-Box Department." If I venture to offer him less, he complains that I shall be getting him into trouble with the organisers of the movement, and almost suggests, by his expression, that they will bring an action against me to recover the remainder of this heart-to-heart present. A pitiful state of things.

**Man's Latest
Crime.**

A writer in a ladies' paper, dealing with the same subject, seizes the not very obvious opportunity of having a slap at the wholly inferior sex. "The Englishman," she says plainly, "is a coward." (I hope the journal is registered as a newspaper. If not, this statement qualifies it for such registration). "To pass a waiter without bestowing the gratuity"—in plain English, giving the tip—"that is obviously expected is a deed of genuine homely heroism, of which he is apparently incapable." What a horrible thing it must be for a woman to go out to dinner with a man who shirks these deeds of "genuine homely heroism"! Think of the degrading comfort to which she may at any moment be subjected! What a scandal to run the risk of being waited upon by a cheerful waiter!

CAN THESE BE THE "BOERS" OF THE KAISER'S "CONVERSATION"?

THE GERMAN IMPERIAL HUNT: BOARS AS THE KAISER'S QUARRY.



1. IN THE TUMBRIL: A BOAR AWAITING THE FREEDOM THAT ENDS IN SUDDEN DEATH.
2. THE BOAR IS SET FREE, AND MAKES A DASH FOR SAFETY.

It is suggested to us by these photographs that possibly the "Boers" alluded to in the famous "conversation" should have been written "boars," for none knows better than the Kaiser how campaigns against the boars should be planned.

THE CLUBMAN

IN THE UFFIZI—THE POLITEAMA NAZIONALE—THE KING OF ITALY AT HIS CHÂLET.

IN the Uffizi Palace at Florence no artist may change his country. If he is born a Dutchman and later becomes, of his own free will, an Englishman, the curator of the museum takes no notice of the move, and if ever the painter is asked to give a portrait of himself for inclusion in the Gallery of Honour he finds himself classed amongst the painters of the country of his birth. It is curious, looking round the room of the painters of this generation, to see the well-known features of Sir L. Alma-Tadema looking across at the English wall from amongst a group of Dutchmen. Sir Hubert Herkomer, shaved and very melancholy, is even farther away from the Britons, amongst the celebrated Teutons. Sargent, whose portrait is at present in one of the upstairs galleries, will take his place amongst the Americans, if there are any other painters from across the Atlantic in the gallery, which I doubt.

Leighton, Millais, and Watts, as they saw themselves, are put shoulder to shoulder in this remarkable gallery of celebrities, and they look three strong, healthy, pleasant Englishmen, though Leighton made his robes of President into a toga, and chose a marble frieze as a background; but Orchardson has contributed a picture which will convince all Italians that "the spleen" is still a fashionable British disease. The canvas is all yellow. The artist is dressed in a suit of stale mustard colour, the picture on which he is working is yellow, the background is a yellow-brown, and the artist has given himself that melancholy expression we all adopt when we have written to the family doctor to come and see us, and wish him not to think that there is nothing the matter with us.

Before the National Theatre is built in London, and we get the best works of the best authors played by the best actors, at the smallest prices, let me suggest to the various committees who are trying to agree how to make a commencement that the Politeama Nazionale at Florence has some of the features of the house they hope to build, and that it might be worth while to obtain some particulars concerning it. It is an immense circular house, the stage cutting off a section of the circle. It is a good house for sound, and none of the actors on the stage has to shout to be heard. A circle of boxes provides the highest-placed seats in the theatre, and from below these a slant of seats reaches down to the parterre. The whole of the vast floor space, with the exception of a small space at the back, is covered with rows of light, bent-wood chairs, set a reasonable distance apart. The charge for occupying one of these is twenty pence, and they are, the boxes excepted,

the highest-priced seats in the house. There is no such thing as the booking of places. It is a matter of first come first served, and the big arena gradually fills from front to back before the curtain goes up. You pay a penny for your programme, and a penny or twopence for the hire of a cushion (one of those carried in piles by the attendants) to put on your chair. The play on the night I went to the Politeama was

"Il Processo dei Veleni," which was an old friend—Sardou's "L'Affaire des Poisons," which Coquelin brought to London. It was sufficiently well mounted (though the limelight-man was a humourist, and in one act turned the full glare of his orbs on to a back-cloth that was obviously unfinished) and it was admirably dressed, the Court costumes being exceedingly handsome. There were forty-two actors and actresses named on the programme, besides "Dame, Gentiluomini, Guardie di Palazzo, Alabardieri, Lacché," and the leading actors and actresses were accomplished artists. On the night I went to the Politeama the rain poured down on Florence, and the house was but half full. Twenty pence, fifteen pence, and ten pence are the prices of admission and a seat. Sardou's play—for which, of course, author's fees had to be paid—

was only staged for a short run, and yet the enterprise pays. The Politeama has no Government subsidy, but a company, with headquarters at Milan, keeps it going year after year. How this is done, our enthusiasts who are going to establish the National Theatre might well discover.

At Leghorn, I saw lying in the harbour a little steam-yacht which seemed to me to be rather small for an ocean-going craft, which she evidently was. A crowd on shore stood and looked at the boat, and I wondered what the particular attraction could be that kept so many people gazing at a very ordinary yacht. It was the King's boat, I was told, his own private yacht, which he uses on those expeditions during which he leaves kingcraft and all the worries of State behind him for a time, and becomes a simple Italian yachtsman. It may be remembered that, when he was called suddenly to the throne, the Crown Prince, as he then was, could not be at once communicated with, for he had gone on a yachting expedition to an island on which he had a châlet. The yacht is now lying in Leghorn Harbour, because the King is staying at one of his favourite retreats—a châlet near Pisa. The little house is on the sea-coast, and the King and Queen and their children live a picnic-life there, the children running barefoot on the sands.



REFRESHMENTS FOR MR. SMYTH-PIGOTT'S FLOCK.

A DWELLER IN THE ABODE OF LOVE GOING FOR A CYCLE RIDE.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ABODE OF LOVE, SHOWING THE CHAPEL.

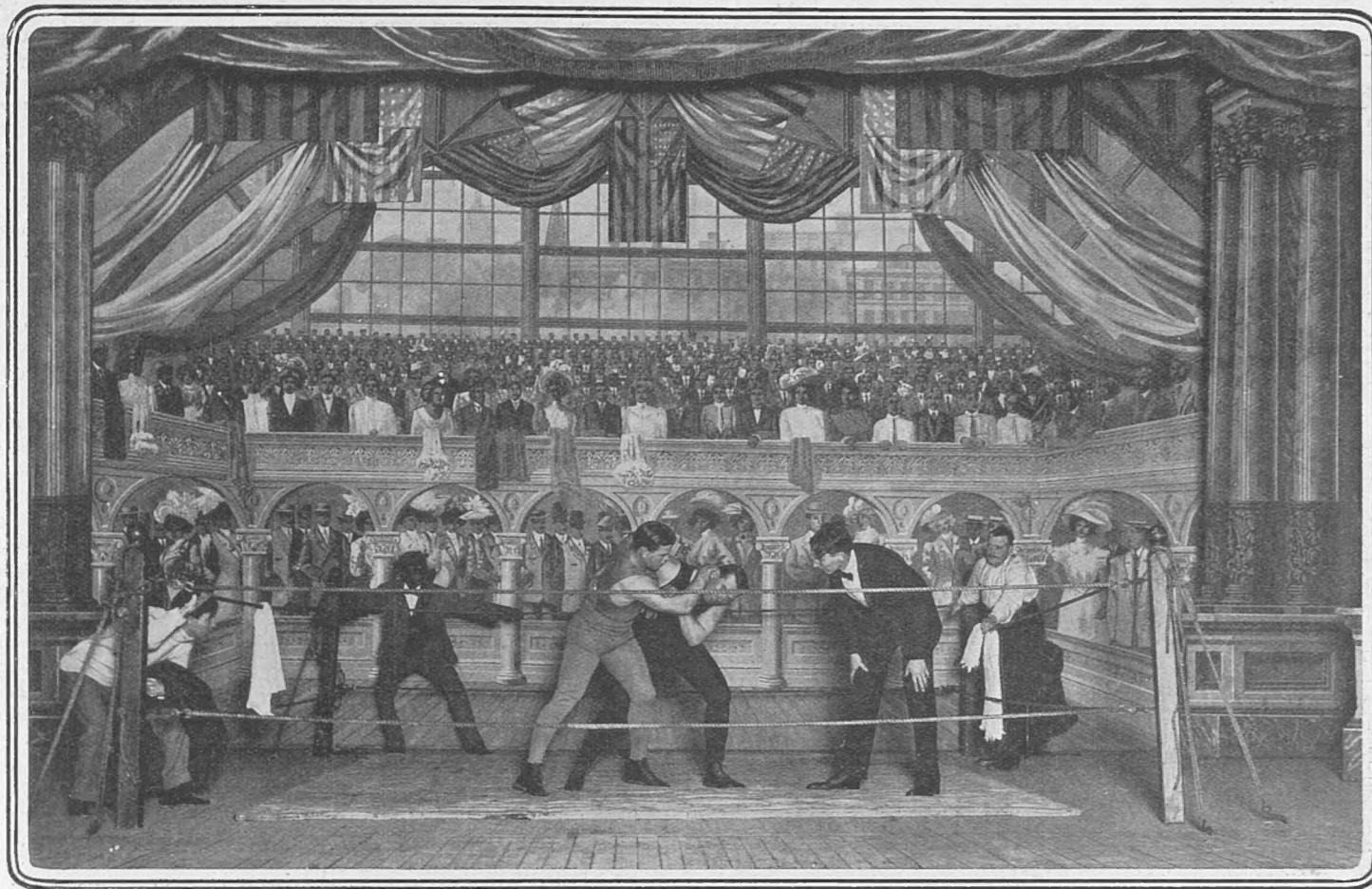


THE GREAT WALL THAT SURROUNDS THE AGAPEMONE.

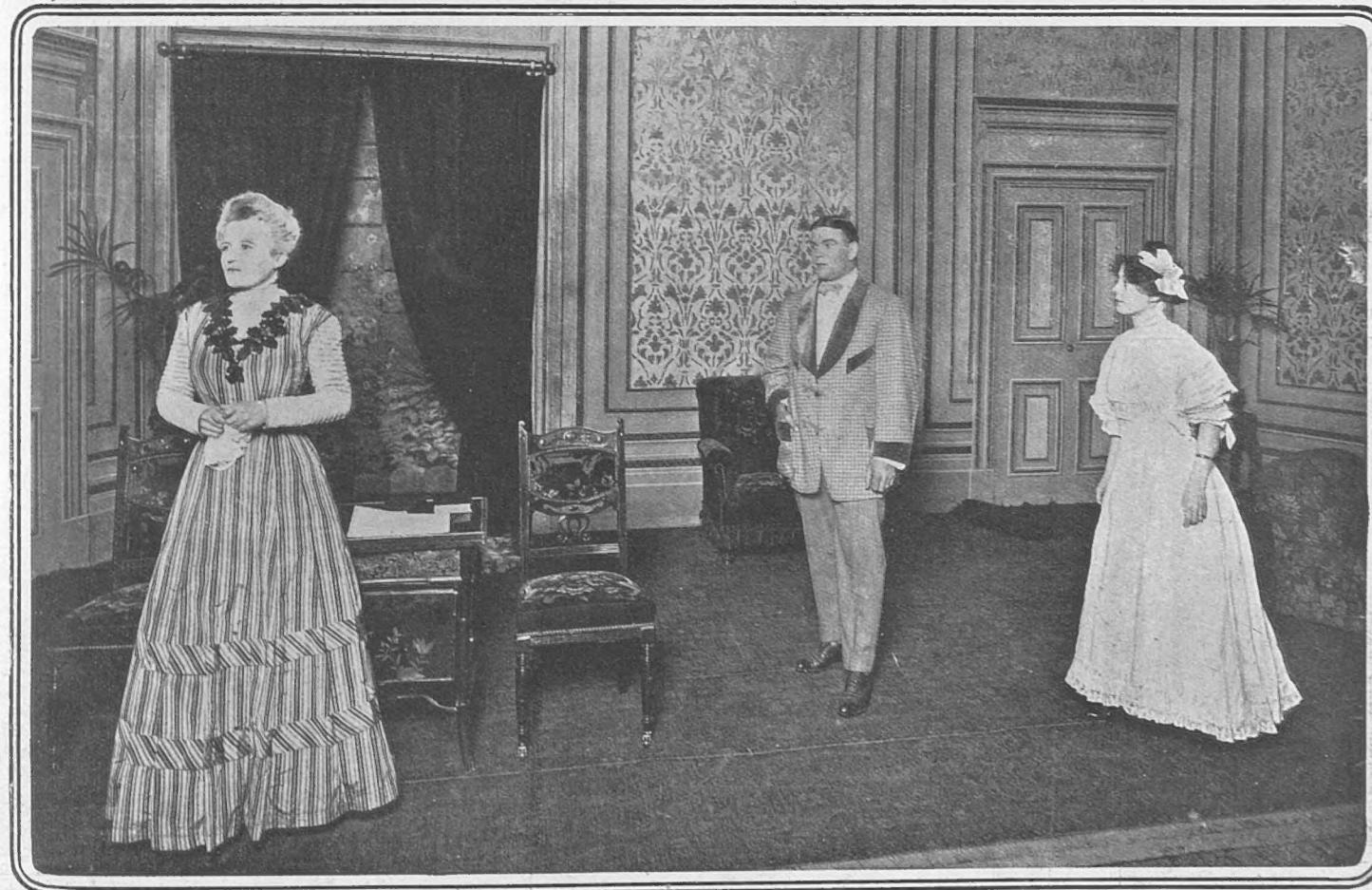
THE MOST JEALOUSLY GUARDED ABODE OF LOVE IN THE WORLD: THE AGAPEMONE AT SPAKTON.

The attempted raid on the Agapemone, or Abode of Love, at Spaxton, has again brought into prominence that much-discussed institution. The "Abode" is guarded more jealously, perhaps, than any building in the world. It is said that Mr. Smyth-Pigott is to be cited to appear before a Consistory Court.—[Photographs by Park.]

ACT AS GOTCH CAN: WRESTLING WITH A NEW ART.
"HACK'S" GREAT RIVAL AS PLAYER.



FRANK A. GOTCH IN "ALL ABOUT A BOUT," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: "THE MATCH FOR THE WORLD'S TITLE."



FRANK A. GOTCH IN "ALL ABOUT A BOUT": AUNT SUSAN (BEING AN OPTIMIST) SEEKS TO PERSUADE FRANK CONROY (FRANK A. GOTCH) TO HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH WRESTLERS.

Frank A. Gotch is appearing at the London Coliseum in an "Athletic Sketch," in which he plays Frank Conroy, Yale strong man and athlete. Gotch and Hackenschmidt are to meet on the mat again, probably in March. The "Russian Lion" has stated, indeed, that he is willing to wrestle with all comers, "but Gotch before all others."

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

A WINTER IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

A DARK, rainy night, sleet driving down in long, narrow lines, cutting face and hands, bitter chill in the air, misery and discomfort as we hurry on board the *Port Kingston* at Avonmouth. And oh! how snug and warm that lovely ship; how the silver and the cut glass sparkle in the bright and cheery saloon, welcoming us after our long, cold railway journey; how cosy the charming music-room; how we creep for comfort and consolation to the stately smoking-room!

And twelve days later we are enshrouded in everlasting sunshine; light flannel suits and smart white frocks and brilliant-hued sunshades are the order of the day; it is eighty degrees in the shade, and the palm-trees clash and rattle in the splendid breeze that rushes down to greet us from the Blue Mountains, that so grandly cut the horizon six or seven miles away. England and winter are but a painful memory, and we stand at last in the long-desired land of the tropics; we have reached the very home of romance, we float above mighty Spanish galleons sunk by the gentlemen-adventurers of Elizabeth's spacious sunny days.

And as you fly through the streets on swift and crowded tramcars your eye takes delighted note of a hundred brilliant things you never saw before—a never-ceasing whirl and motion of life, and life more abundant than you have ever known. A humming-bird, like a glittering jewel, hovers over that spray of hydrangea, or an eagle-hawk screams above your head on its way to its eyrie in the far Blue Mountains, and myriads of laughing, chattering, gaily-clad black and coloured people pass you on every side. And there, on one side of you, stands the Parish Church of Kingston, a beautiful earthquake ruin, within whose crumbling walls lie the remains of brave old Benbow, the English admiral; and you catch a fleeting glimpse, in grey and silver, of the cotton tree in which Tom Cringle and his brother middy smoked a surreptitious cigar while they surveyed the busy, changing scene

building, from the tower of which you can obtain a panoramic glimpse of the island—which in itself is worth the whole voyage to the far West Indies. You will probably spend many a happy hour in the halls and verandahs of Constant Spring Hotel, through which gushes a never-ending and life-inspiring wind from either sea or mountain, and where, no matter what the thermometer may be, you will never find the heat excessive. And in the great reception-room of the Hotel you will see many a charming Cinderella dance, and in February you will behold one of the best fancy-dress balls you could imagine was possible, and so, be prepared with your costume!

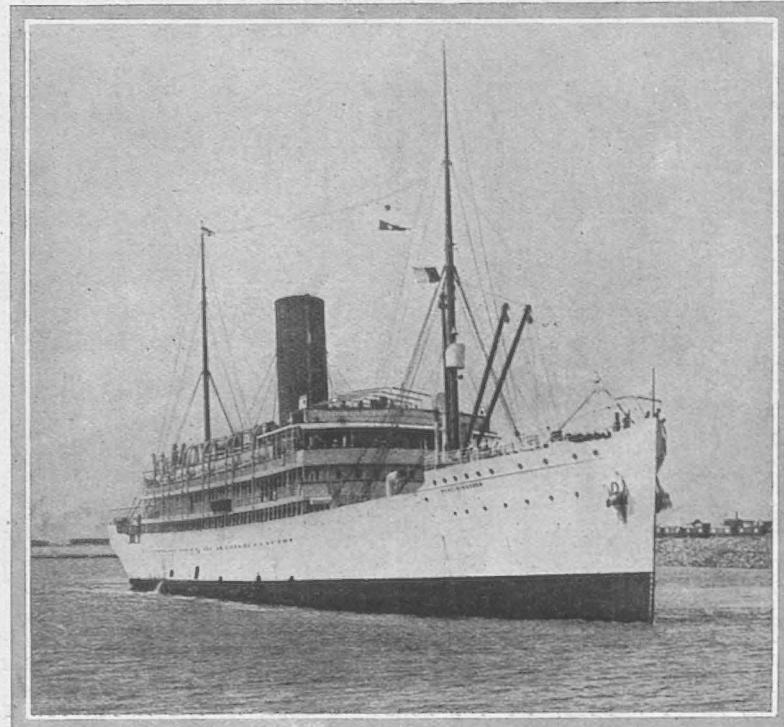
Close to the Hotel are the far-famed Hope Gardens, amongst the best botanical gardens in the whole world; and not very far away, by rail or carriage, is Spanish Town, the old capital of the island and the once seat of government.

Here, indeed, you will find yourself in dreamland. I was there only last February, and as I wandered through the quiet old streets, grass-grown now and deserted, across which great strips of yellow sunshine threw themselves in lavish splendour; and as I gazed at those beautiful old roofs, deep and brown-hued as are the house-roofs in far-

off Tokyo or Kioto, I realised at last that romance was not yet dead in this weary, material, modern world.

You will love a trip to Port Antonio, where you can stay in the superb Titchfield Hotel, and where you can bathe in the turquoise sea all day long. And as to your touring arrangements through the island, put yourself into the capable and willing hands of Mr. Scatti, the manager at Constant Spring, and he will tell you exactly what to do and where to go and how best to enjoy yourself generally.

It is a thoughtless age, and you need never weary unaccustomed brains in Jamaica; it is a place where the hard-worked city or professional man can enjoy the very perfection of rest and quiet;



ON HER WAY TO THE WEST INDIES: THE S.S. "PORT KINGSTON."



KINGSTON, AS SEEN FROM ROCK FORT.

Photographs by J. Valentine.



THE OLD MARKET-PLACE, JAMAICA.

beneath them; or you discern in the far distance a cloud of red dust, beneath which British officers urge their spirited little polo-ponies on to victory. And very shortly afterwards, the tram-car puts you down just outside Constant Spring Hotel, one of the most romantically situated hotels in the whole world, with the great, solemn mountains, across which sunshine and shadow eternally chase each other, for an unparalleled background, and with charming golf-links and tennis-lawns reaching wide right round the beautiful

whilst to the poet, the writer, or the artist, the constant play of sunshine and of shadow on glittering sea, or the dark blue of the mountain-side, exercises a never-dying fascination. You have done Cairo and Monte Carlo; you are wearied of Paris and Vienna; Switzerland and its toboggans and its ski-ing are too strenuous for you—come to Jamaica and bask in eternal sunshine, and take the earliest steamer of the magnificent fleet of Elder Dempster, that fortnightly despatches an eager ship to the dreamland of the Western Seas.

PARKERISED POUPEE: A PAGEANT OF DOLLS.



1. SHAKESPEARE READING HIS SONNETS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER COURT.

2. HENRY VIII. AND CHILDREN.

3. "QUOTH THE RAVEN, 'NEVER MORE.'"

4. "A DIFFICULT SITUATION."

5. SIR WALTER RALEIGH, AS A BOY, LISTENING TO THE TALES OF YEO THE SAILOR.

6. THE FINDING OF MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

The Pageant of Dolls at 9, Tufton Street, Westminster, offered many interesting groups of figures, some illustrating scenes from history, some reproducing well-known pictures, others representing incidents in fairy-stories. Mr. Louis Parker must look to his laurels.

Photographs by Halftones.

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Priests of Progress. Andrew Melrose.
The Prince's Progress. Christina Rossetti. 2s. net.

JOHN LANE.

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6s.
CHATTO AND WINDUS.

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6s.
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Vivienne's Venture. Viola Graeme. 6s.
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Piccadilly to Pall Mall. Ralph Nevill and
E. Jerinham. 22s. net.

Little Red Fox. Mrs. Ernest Ames. 1s. 6d. net.
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Nov. 18, 1908.

Signature.....

• BRUMMELL • IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

O DDLV enough, I am becomin' more and more valuable every day. What? It's very jolly to be asked for tips on this and that—very jolly; gives one a warm glow of satisfaction that no bottle can produce. At the same time, it leaves one deuced little leisure for thinkin' and goin' quietly from club to club; choosin' clothes, glancin' at the news, and, in short, followin' the ordinary routine of the right sort of person who makes England what it is. Do you see what I mean? Now take a case. I was shootin' in Scotland last year—a rattlin' good shoot it was. The party was mixed. I mean, in every sense of the word. There was a Serene Highness who never fired a shot, but claimed most of the birds. Very quietly and nicely. There was a man who had made a frightful amount of money out of some marvellous—I don't know, I suppose it was an ointment for careless people who barged against sharp corners—called elbow-grease. He was always talkin' about it. A very vulgar, decent old person. I liked him, although the things he adorned himself with pretty nearly brought me out into a rash. He wasn't a company-promoter—a man who had gold-mines and was always makin' holes for people to fall into. So far as I can make out, he did it all on this particular grease and something—an embrocation, I take it—with a name that sounded like "Sweatothebrow." Well, he was there. And both he and the Serene Highness were, in a way, royal, both because they couldn't help themselves. After them there were the usual lot of us. I mean all the absolutely right lot, who get the pick of the shootin' without payin' a bob, and range up in two lines to be photographed—read names from left to right.

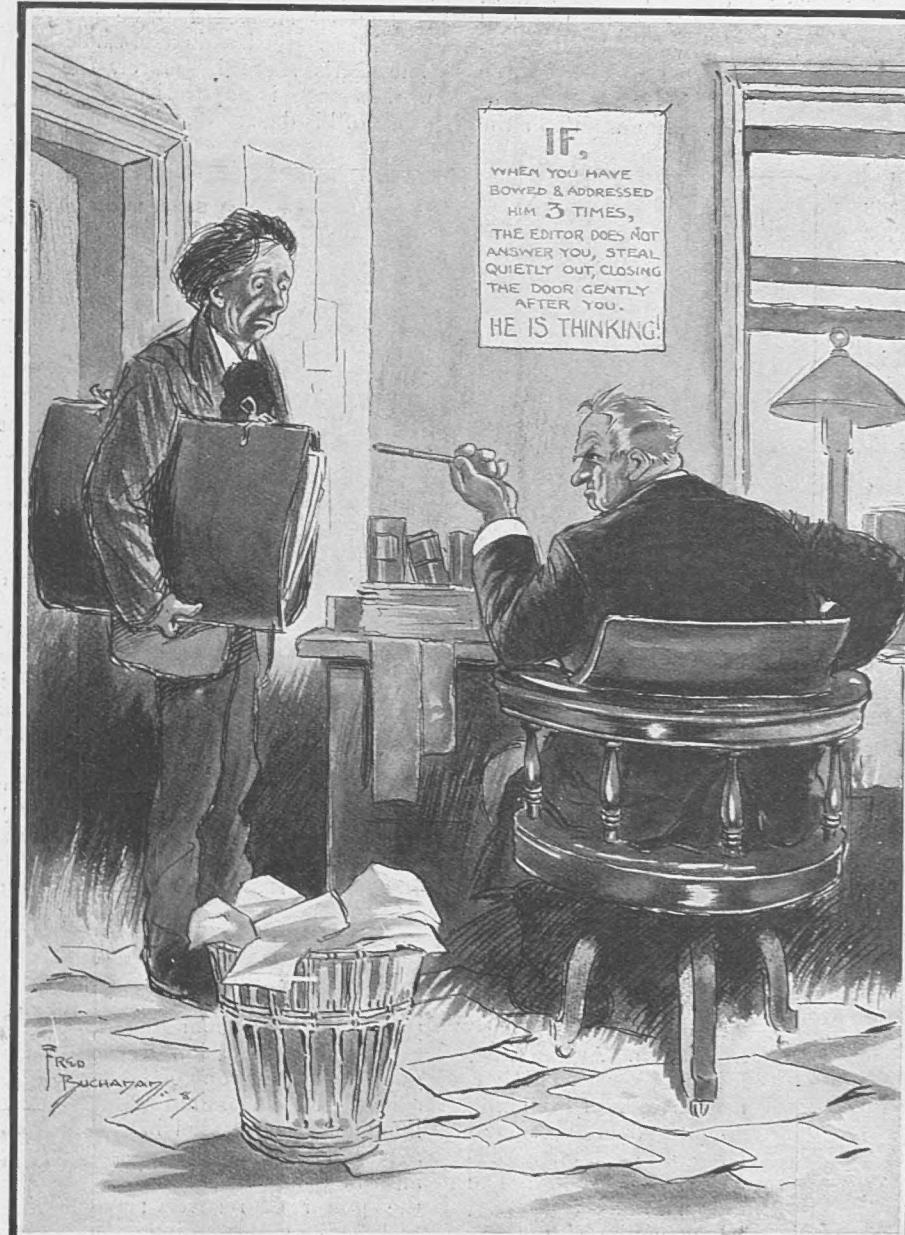
Well, for no other reason except the usual one, this man found himself safely wedged into the new Birthday Honours list under "Baronets," and the little gentlemen retained by the newspapers to put together a bundle of words proving conclusively that what everybody knows to be black is really quite egg-shell-finished white came up to the scratch gallantly. The baronetcy was a well-merited reward for great and conspicuous services as a citizen, and other tosh like that; and that's where I—dear old Bee—came in, d'y see.

Because, naturally enough, old Sir Elbow Grease, Bart., had got stowed away among his other curiosities and old Masters a missus. He picked her up a bargain in the dusky past, and gradually—well, didn't forget her, but left her at home in her case. She had her house at Bournemouth, and her carriage, and a prize Pom that he had taken for a bad debt, and everything that goes to make the blameless, dull life of the lower middle-class one big, exciting episode. And he had his business premises in London and a flat over a nice shop in Piccadilly. Bournemouth saw him when the pressure of business permitted of his leavin' it for a matter of

forty-eight hours once a month. Do you follow me? Well, being now entitled to half a page in "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage," which is rapidly swellin' like a prize marrow, and is leavin' *Punch* standin' still for genuine comic readin', the thing to do, willy-nilly, was to produce Lady Elbow Grease, it being quite proper for a mere male person to go about alone, but utterly wrong for a Sir Bart Jones or a Sir Elbow Grease to do so. And at this point dear old Bee received a note from the blushin' Baronet mentioning a week-end at Bournemouth as a special favour.

One can't live by good form alone. Constant classical music makes one long for a Gaiety tune. I hadn't been out of my own set for six months, and I simply jumped at the opportunity of spendin' forty-eight hours in an atmosphere of unreality and uncomfortable self-consciousness, of make-believe, and horrible morality. One does want a change every now and then—what? Well, I found her Ladyship a series of unmanageable curves, gleamin' like a gladiator with the armour of rectitude, seated in a large fuggy room, entirely devoted to photographs and a basket for Pom, trying to unbend to a collection of local hens who had come to cackle their congratulations. She gave me one finger, and all sorts of things suddenly began to shake when her eyes fell on my socks. They were virginal white, with stripes of silver—the sort of things which, in the good old hew-and-hack days, created King's favourites and earned dukedoms, but which, in these tube and tramcar times, only bring forth streams of gutter-swish from the groundlings. Still, she made a good recovery, and not long after the local roosters had picked their way back to their respective egg-boxes, she and I might have been mother and son. A nice woman, oh! a nice woman. So simple, so sweet, so child-like and bland. Knew where to go for the best tea, Unionists and Radicals.

Well, of course, I didn't hesitate. I got Sir Elbow on the rug in the mornin'-room when the old lady had ballooned up to bed, and insisted that he should unearth her and bring her to London. After all, b'Jove and b'George, we don't get new sensations often. Imagine the rush that will be made to see her Ladyship by all the hardened and tired Quixotes, both male and the reverse, who, like me, foolishly devote whole lives to the glorification of the country, to listen to her sweepin' assertions on subjects of which she knows nothing. Imagine! I can see a series of matinées at her house that will put the Shaw series into a little round hole. Of course, he was first, and did exactly the same thing, but think of it without an Irish accent and the aroma of cod-liver oil and the reek of the Fabian Society. Yes, Bee, dear old man, we are all in for some bright afternoons, so that's all right.



DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

A WAY OUT.

THE ARTIST: All I need, Sir, is an opening—

THE EDITOR: Good! Try the one you've just come through.

but couldn't see any difference between Unionists and Radicals. Well, of course, I didn't hesitate. I got Sir Elbow on the rug in the mornin'-room when the old lady had ballooned up to bed, and insisted that he should unearth her and bring her to London. After all, b'Jove and b'George, we don't get new sensations often. Imagine the rush that will be made to see her Ladyship by all the hardened and tired Quixotes, both male and the reverse, who, like me, foolishly devote whole lives to the glorification of the country, to listen to her sweepin' assertions on subjects of which she knows nothing. Imagine! I can see a series of matinées at her house that will put the Shaw series into a little round hole. Of course, he was first, and did exactly the same thing, but think of it without an Irish accent and the aroma of cod-liver oil and the reek of the Fabian Society. Yes, Bee, dear old man, we are all in for some bright afternoons, so that's all right.



MISS CATHERINE MARGARET BROWELL, WHO IS TO MARRY THE REV. J. C. W. HERSCHEL.

Miss Catherine Margaret Browell is the younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. E. T. Browell. Mr. Herschel is the elder son, and the heir, of Sir William Herschel, second Baronet.

Photograph by Vandyk.

Baron de Meyer, the enthusiastic amateur, was recently able to give, from beneath the black veil that has to be donned even in the regal presence, many hints as to the latest inventions and developments of the "new" photography. Among them the

A Self-Effacing Princess. Except in novels, Princesses are found to be a particularly self-effacing class. They are less in evidence than actresses, and less discussed than half the great ladies in Society. The children of men of genius are said to suffer eclipse at the tables of their sires; and, no doubt, a like law governs those who are born within the shadow of the throne. Very characteristic of the Princess Louise was the announcement made at the beginning of her recent illness: "There will not be issued any bulletins." Her Royal Highness, one supposes, makes fewer appearances in the columns of a newspaper's Fashionable Intelligence than does many a lady with

SMALL TALK



THE HON. WINIFRED EDWARDES, WHO IS TO MARRY LIEUTENANT WALTER PULTENEY KOE, R.N.

Miss Winifred Edwardes is a daughter of the fourth Lord Kensington, and the only unmarried sister of the present Peer. Lieutenant Koe—whose father, by the way, was Registrar of the High Court of Chancery—commands the Bridlington (Yorks) Division of his Majesty's Coastguard.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



THE EX-MAYORESS OF PORTSMOUTH—AGED SIX: MISS DORIS FOSTER.

Photograph by Oscar Owers.

announcements of her presence at royal functions—or even of her "unavoidable absence" from them. At one time, it is true, her Royal Highness thought of becoming an entertainer on, if not a large, at least on an interesting scale. She had a dream of a salon. Now, it happens there is nothing so delightful to dream about as that—or so difficult to achieve in waking hours. The Englishman's immobility is at all times a bar to perfect ease and friendliness in miscellaneous intercourse; and, in presence of a royal hostess, the difficulty was found not to diminish, as some hoped, but even to be increased.

Sardou Samples. There is no one in the world (at least, not in this present world) who knew how to build a play like Victorien Sardou. Though not hoary of head, since his hair was

black, but full of honours, Sardou has been carried to his grave at the ripe age of three-score years and seventeen. He was a marvellous magician who knew how to conjure history into life. He made kings speak for us, queens smile for us, courtiers intrigue for us, courtesans ogle and display their blandishments. It was the red-heeled age, the age of beaux and gallants, the age of powder and puff, of silken hose and ruffles, of buckled shoes, of three-cornered hats—the heroic age, what? The Paris stage is poorer, the world's stage is impoverished because of his departure. Astonish-

ing the verve, the evergreen vitality of the man who, at seventy-six, wrote a play like "The Poisoning Case," which told in every line. A superb carpenter, he could make a scene out of any wood, conjure the canvas into the speaking image, make the figures glow as if they were flesh and blood of our own prosaic times of 1908, and yet with a glamour that belongs to history and the enchantment that distance lends.

Three-Score and Twelve. Two gay healths

be drunk should be drunk in the appropriate beverage, not of brandy-and-soda, but of "W. and S." Sir W. S. Gilbert is seventy-two to-day, and has thriven all his life on his own humour, although his temper has often been sorely tried by the actor and actress who would not interpret his fun in quite his own way. The best wish to wish this wrathful-witty knight is that he may in future be saved the distress of rehearsals. Mr. W. S. Penley,

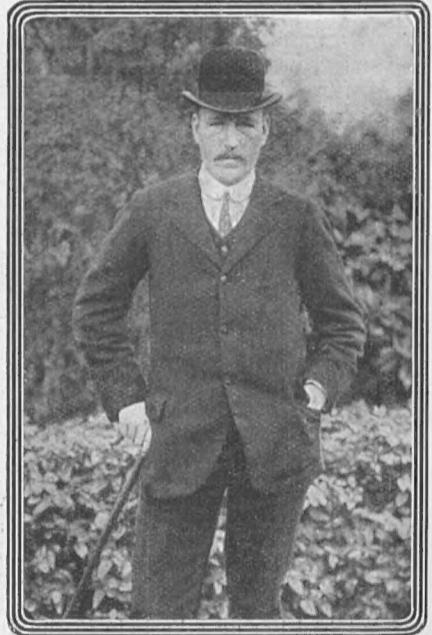


A "PERSON" OR MERELY A WOMAN? MISS JESSIE MACMILLAN.

Miss Macmillan is one of the ladies who have been pleading before the House of Lords, sitting as the Supreme Court of Appeal, for the right of women graduates of the Scottish Universities to vote for the University representative in Parliament. Much of the argument had to deal with the question as to whether a woman is a person or not.—[Photograph by Bolak.]

whose birthday immediately follows Sir W. S. Gilbert's, has found the profession of humour by no means a profession of good health, or even good spirits. Like Dorando's, his "long run" ended in a partial breakdown, but also in a fine display of the power of recovery; and he is still running, if not in the petticoats of Aunt Anne.

A Penny-Post Dinner. Politicians have taken themselves rather seriously lately—all, perhaps, except Mr. Sydney Buxton. His joke took the agreeable form of a dinner in celebration of Penny Post with the United States; and it was eaten—no, not by Mr. Henniker Heaton, but by the officials of the Post Office, by whom the agitation of Mr. Henniker Heaton, and his reforms, have been regarded with suspicion from the first.

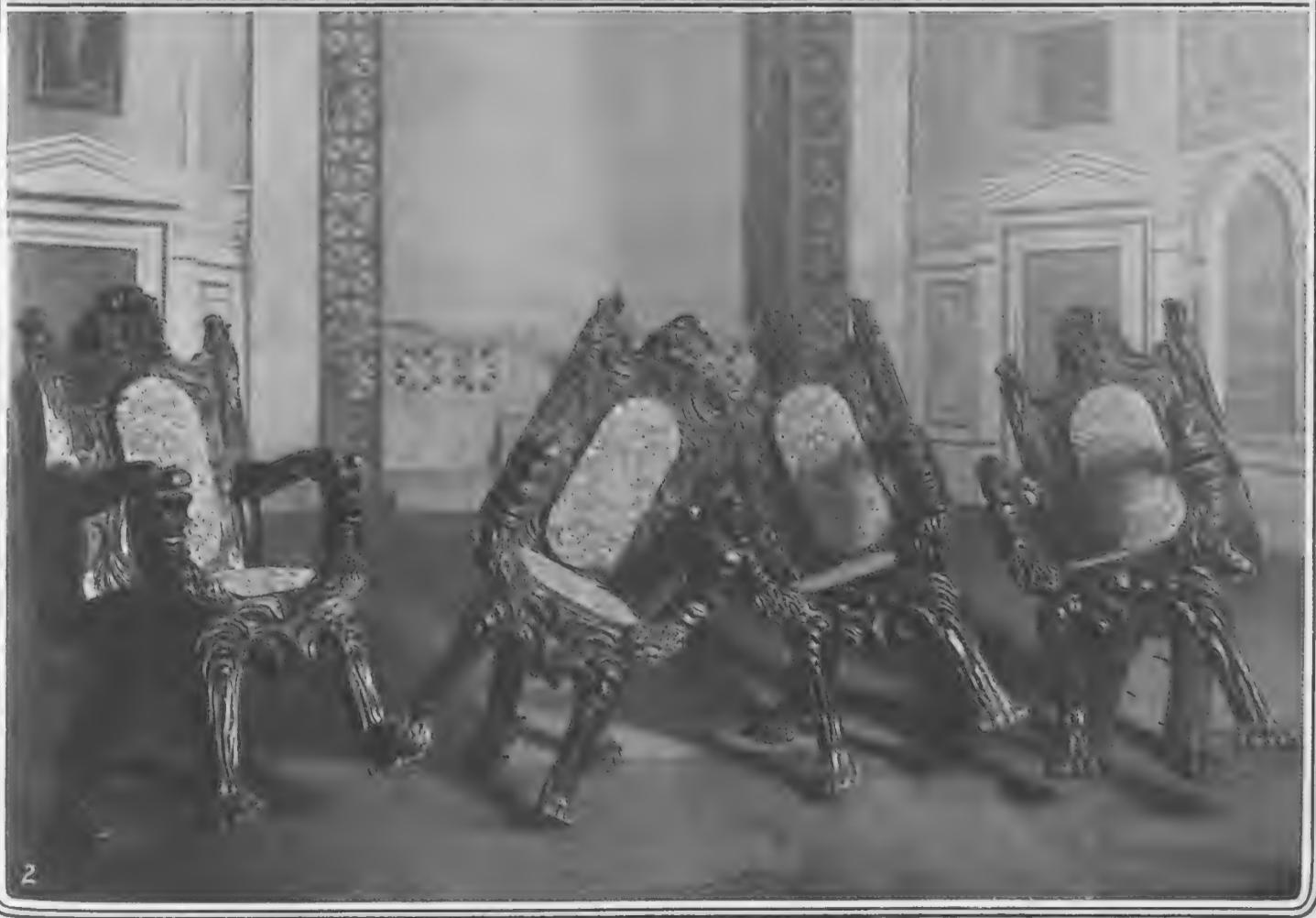


THE KING'S NEW LAND STEWARD AT WINDSOR: MR. MCWILLIAMS.

Mr. McWilliams, who has been appointed his Majesty's new land steward at Windsor, was until recently the land steward of the Duke of Richmond. It need hardly be said that Mr. McWilliams has a very expert knowledge of his work, as his choice by the King amply proves. He will have a great deal to do in the royal borough.

THE MAUD ALLANS AMONG CHAIRS:
THE YAMA YAMA DANCING FURNITURE.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



1. THE YAMA YAMA GIRLS IN THE MOST CURIOUS BALLET IN THE WORLD.

2. THE ANTICS OF THE ANTIQUES: THE YAMA YAMA DANCING CHAIRS.

The back legs of the chairs are formed by the legs of the dancers, and the result is dancing furniture. The ballet takes place in "The Three Twins," in New York. The chairs seen behind the girls in the first photograph are those that are shown dancing in the second photograph.—[Photographs by White.]



IN AGREEMENT WITH "SUFFRAGETTE CAKE": M. A. ROMANOS,
THE GREEK MINISTER.

The Greek Minister opened an exhibition of banana and currant cookery at the Holborn Town Hall the other day. Amongst the exhibits were a Suffragette cake (which bore representations of militant Suffragettes and the words "Votes for Women") and a harp of bananas with currant-strings.

that his Majesty favours the young as his companions at his shooting-parties; and has men like the Marquess of Anglesey, who is twenty-three, and Sir Hedworth Williamson and Lord Lovat constantly at his shooting-elbow.

The Two "R's." Lord Rosebery, who has been shooting with the King, is not a very keen sportsman. Queen Victoria used to spell his name with two "r's" before the "y"; and, really, those two "r's" are symbolic, for "reading and riting" are his principal interests. He loves a large book to read, but a little book to write; and that is, after all, a very fair division of labour.

Art-full Cards. Christmas cards are one of the anxieties of the moment, for few people take time so firmly by the forelock as does her Majesty the Queen, who long ago had her cards designed and printed, and who has already done most of her Christmas shopping. Winterhalter has solved the difficulty for Mme Patti. One of the two portraits of the Baroness by the late Queen's favourite painter now

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THE King's hand—as the pheasants at Sandringham and elsewhere have been learning—has not lost its cunning. He is still a good shot—unlike many of his friends, who, if twenty years ago they were his own age, are to-day much older than their monarch, and much less capable with the gun. It is on this account

any rate, the reminder of an obligation to attend chapel has not been received with universal joy. The loyalty of the Knights of Windsor to the King is not in dispute; but their preference for voluntary rather than enforced attendance at chapel is very pronounced, and the expression of it is likely enough to reach his Majesty's ear.

At Windsor.

its big joys for the actor. He can generally take his wife in his company—in two senses of the term—as, of course, does Mr. Martin Harvey when he carries "The Corsican Brothers" to the Castle. But a devoted father finds it hard to leave the children at home on such a great occasion. The little Martin Harveys, who are greatly indulged in a nice habit of being on extremely friendly terms with their parents—whether "made-up" or "plain," at home or in the green-room—are, for the first time in their lives, inclined to be rebels, and, with an inherited dramatic instinct, they are rebels to good purpose.

"Duke's Son." There has been a scare at Norfolk House. The little Earl of Arundel caught whooping-cough badly. In so young a child the disease is very dangerous, and there was one night of anxiety for the parents when the doctors thought the case extremely critical. The illness was kept from the newspapers—an almost necessary precaution nowadays, when publicity brings inquiries by calls, by letters,



THE FUTURE KING OF ITALY: THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, ONLY SON OF THE KING OF ITALY, IN UNIFORM.

Photograph by Guigoni and Bossi.



THE SWEDISH MINISTER AND HIS WIFE: THE COUNT AND COUNTESS WRANGEL.

With the King and Queen of Sweden in this country, the Swedish Minister and his wife are, of course, much to the fore. The Wrangels are a family noted not only in Sweden, but in Prussia and Russia. The Countess is a Frenchwoman, the daughter of a distinguished citizen of Bordeaux.—[Photographs by Thomson.]

makes the principal feature of her card of greeting. Mme. Patti has, by the way, already promised Father Bernard Vaughan to sing for the poor next year at the Albert Hall.

Ordered to the Front Pew. There has been a fluttering of plumes among the Knights of Windsor, and all because of an order as to church-going on certain occasions by Lord Esher. The Knights have been let alone for long. They have lived in peace in their small domiciles with their small pensions. Perhaps church-going is less popular now than it was. At

by telegrams, in numbers with which it is almost impossible for a private family to cope.

The Government and Wine. The old joke has been worn very thin, but, threadbare though it is, it reappears on the very forefront of a paper newly launched on the public by a wealthy Lancashire landowner. The Government could hardly at this juncture offer a coronet to a brewer; but two of their new Baronets, and two of the most popular of those the King has delighted to honour, are wine-merchants.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW OCULIST BARONET:

LADY ANDERSON CRITCHETT.

Amongst the leading hostesses of the London medical world is the agreeable wife of the new oculist-baronet, Sir George Anderson Critchett. Lady Anderson Critchett, whose husband was knighted some eight years ago, was Miss Agnes Dunphie, and her marriage took place twenty-five years ago.—[Photograph by Thomson.]



THE NEW CONSTABLE OF CARNARVON CASTLE: MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been appointed Constable of Carnarvon Castle. Carnarvon Castle is said to have been the birthplace of the first English Prince of Wales.—[Photograph by Halftones.]



WIFE OF ONE OF THE NEW PRIVY COUNSELLORS: MRS. HERBERT SAMUEL.

Mr. Herbert Samuel is Under-Secretary of the Home Department, and, although he is only 38, has been married for eleven years. Mrs. Samuel was Miss Beatrice Franklin.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

"THE EARLY WORM" TURNS — INTO A LEDGER CLERK.



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS ALLAN MARCHMONT IN "THE EARLY WORM."

"The Early Worm" is to be withdrawn shortly, and will be succeeded on the 28th by Mr. C. Haddon Chambers's "Sir Anthony." In this Mr. Weedon Grossmith is to play Clarence Chope, ledger clerk at Bulger and Blount's. The Sir Anthony of the title is not a character in the play, although he has much to do with its plot.

DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (*Morotole*)

THE "BACCHÆ"—"THE BUILDERS"—"THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES"—"A BRIDGE TANGLE"—"THE ARAB GARDENER."

THE chorus is a terrible stumbling-block to the producers of Greek tragedy. In the "Bacchæ" the really delightful element is the chorus, and the loveliness of the verse allotted to it makes up for the want of human interest in the play. At the Court, despite the conscientious efforts of Mr. William Poel, the chorus was ineffective. Four handsome ladies moaned much of it earnestly; three pretty girls danced to parts of it, under a disadvantage almost equaling that of the dove dispatched from the Ark; and a great deal was sung to music often quite inappropriate, and not sung very well. So the chief pleasure was denied. Yet pleasure there was in this interesting revival of the tale showing the strife of Pentheus against Dionysus—of the respectable domestic against the artistic and the emancipated. Most of the pleasure was due to the delightful performance of Miss Lillah McCarthy as the effeminate, cruel young god. It may be that one aspect of the intensely complex character was missed by her—no wonder!—but, as compensation, we had a joy for the eyes and the delight of beautiful elocution. Moreover, Mr. Esmé Percy acted very well; and Mr. Anstey delivered the magnificent speech describing the death of Pentheus quite admirably.

A matinée at the Criterion Theatre last week disclosed in Miss Norah Keith a playwright with some ideas, but a rather immature method of expressing them, although she is now a dramatist of experience. Her play, "The Builders," was directed against the Woman's Suffrage movement. As an argument it was not very effective, owing to a want of reality in the drawing of two of the three chief characters. These were Adrian White, K.C., who had just made his name as an advocate in the Divorce Court, and Celia, his wife, who cared more for the Cause and its mass meetings than for her husband's triumphs. Her neglect drove him to Mrs. Cray, his client in his last great case. Miss Keith was most successful in her treatment of the character of this simple, motherly little woman, who, finding herself in love with the great K.C., as was he with her, lied to him, told him that she really was guilty of the charges of which she had been acquitted, and sent him broken-hearted back to the wife who had by this time come to the conclusion that woman's place is in the Home, and not in "the House." The scene of her sacrifice was ably written, and quite beautifully played by Miss Evelyn D'Alroy, whose whole performance was of real distinction; and Mr. C. Aubrey Smith and Miss Maude Millett were excellent in the less satisfactory parts of the husband and wife.

What a lot of plays concerning bridges this week! The chief, of course, is Mr. Sutro's "The Builder of Bridges," at the St. James's. The title suggested something symbolic, but we had a plain, straightforward, well-built comedy, a little weak in the keystone, if the ineffective business with a photograph in the last act is the keystone; it could be removed without

injury to the bridge. In the play, the author makes a gallant effort to paint the picture of a very complex woman, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh presents the part very ably; yet the desired effect of showing a lovable creature with weaknesses was not quite a success, and Dorothy's conduct seemed contemptibly mean and silly, not merely weak. One is quite sorry that the magnanimous, good-natured Thursfield was caught by her at the end, for, after the flame of passion had cooled a little, he must have been horrified by the character of his wife. There are excellent dramatic scenes in the well-ordered story, and the irruption of Walter, which forms the climax of the third act, is excellently managed. Moreover, minor characters are ingeniously contrived, such as the elderly aunt with a gift for quaint epigrammatic phrases, delightfully presented by Miss Florence Haydon, who, however, was beaten by one pathetic exit she had to make.

Mr. William Farren was very amusing as a breezy, misogynistic old engineer, and a melancholy, heart-broken elderly bachelor was capitally presented by Mr. Vivian Reynolds. The rather priggish jilted lover was skilfully acted by Mr. Harcourt Williams, and Mr. Dawson Milward played very well as the weak-minded brother. The triumph of the evening was the manly, charming work of Mr. George Alexander, quite at his best in the character of the engineer.

At the Court Theatre a series of matinées is being devoted to a little play called "The Bridge Tangle," by Mrs. Frank Wright and Mrs. Caleb Porter. It is in four acts, but less would have been quite ample for treatment of the material which it contains. An elderly peer, a married woman, and a girl of guileless innocence are the chief characters; and the girl wins the peer, and the married lady is much distressed. Incidentally, there is just enough bridge to justify the title. In spite of some witty lines and some fairly natural dialogue, it is a curiously unsubstantial play. Miss Gertrude Kingston and Mr. Frank Cooper do their best with it, Miss Kingston in particular having one scene of finely expressed anguish, which was excellent in itself, but seemed rather out of place.

At the Vaudeville Theatre "Jack Straw" is now preceded by an Arabian idyll called "The Arab Gardener," which Miss Gladys Unger has adapted from the French. It illustrates some curious points of Arabian matrimonial law; the situation is that in order to marry a beautiful girl, an elderly lawyer has to get her married to a humble gardener and repudiated just after the marriage. Of course, the gardener and the girl discover that they love one another, and the repudiation never takes place. It is a picturesque little comedy, written with a sense of poetry, and Mr. Charles Troode made a hit as the bride's half-drunken father, while the gardener was played with dignity and passion by Mr. H. R. Hignett.



DOLLY'S PAPA: MR. C. M. LOWNE AS MATTHEW BARRON, IN "DOLLY REFORMING HERSELF," AT THE HAYMARKET.



MISS CARRIE MOORE, WHO HAS MARRIED MR. P. P. BIGWOOD IN SYDNEY.
Miss Carrie Moore, who made her first appearance in London in "The Girl from Kay's," appeared later in "The Cingalee" and "Tom Jones," and made, perhaps, her greatest success as the Sandow girl in "The Dairymaids," has married a young Englishman, Mr. P. P. Bigwood, in Sydney. The wedding, which was kept secret for some time, was celebrated at a Congregational chapel. Miss Carrie Moore is an Australian.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

THE REAL ORIGINAL GOLLEWOGGE.



THE SWADDLING-CLOTHES OF A SIBERIAN BABY: RALTUGIA IN HER "GOLLEWOGGE" NATIVE DRESS.

Can it be that the inventor of the gollewogge had been to Siberia and seen a tiny Siberian in native dress? Our picture would suggest that this is at least possible. The photograph shows a little Siberian who will be seen at the great Pacific World's Fair, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which is to open at Seattle next summer. Thirty-four Siberians will be a feature of the exhibition. Having discovered that "Gollewogge," and not "Gollywog," is the correct way to spell the name of the children's furry friend, we introduce him in that way, that our reputation for accuracy may not suffer eclipse.—[Photograph by Merrick.]

WORLD'S WHISPERS

LORD LOVAT'S new honours very well become him. After his South African experiences, he could not rank as an amateur among soldiers; and now he is to rank as a Colonel in the Army and is an A.D.C. to the King. Lord Lovat is one of the most interesting of the men who are thirty-seven years young. He is a bachelor, and rich; he has splendid moors of his own, and has just been one of the guns in good luck at Sandringham; he buys books, and he reads them—two processes which by no means always tally; he has good looks, many friends, and a conscience. Thus endowed, he is naturally an object of regard with mothers other than his very solicitous own. The "Lovat Scouts" is the name given to two or three members of a purely drawing-room brigade.



WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES: MRS. TAFT.

Mrs. Taft, who is very popular in American Society, is a highly educated woman, a good musician, and an excellent linguist.—[Photograph by Max A. R. Brunner.]

depressing November of a century ago that Swift wrote: "London has nothing so bad in it in winter as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no coffee-house, and so I seldom see them."

Mr. Ross at the Ritz. The Duchess of Sutherland will be present at the dinner to be given on Dec. 1 to Mr. Robert Ross at the Ritz Hotel. Will not someone at that table, which should be auspicious for wit, invent a much-required phrase? It is impossible to call so lovely a person as the Duchess a bookworm: book-butterfly has nothing to commend it, and "A Diana Bound in Buckram; or, The Fair Lady of Reading" seems a title for a ballad. The dinner is given to Mr. Ross in recognition of his heavy task as the editor of Oscar Wilde's collected works; if Wilde himself were present, the Duchess would not go without a literary title. Lord Howard de Walden is also to be of the company.



TWIN PORTIAS OF THE UNITED STATES:
MISS FLORENCE M. COLFORD.

Miss Ethel Colford and Miss Florence Colford are the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Colford, of Washington, and have just been admitted to the Bar of the United States Supreme Court. They are the only women in Washington, possibly even in America, who have received the degree of Master of Patent Law. They are to open a patent-law office almost immediately.

The Lord of the Lottery. Lord Ashtown's advent to Westminster came, it was

thought by some of his peers, at a propitious, and by some others at an ominous, moment. Having survived, in his own house at Glenahiry, a gunpowder plot, he was admitted to the House of Lords so nearly on Guy Fawkes day that he may be said to have taken his seat amidst the crackle of fireworks. Lady Ashtown has most unfairly been dragged into the battles between peasantry and peer in County Waterford. She, like the discontented peasant, is not sorry to know that London will in future put additional claims upon her husband's time, and, therefore, her own. But even London is a place of tribulations, as well as of congratulations, for the upholders of English as against Irish sentiment. It was in a

The Member's Mistake. Not all the distresses caused to members of the Government by the

Suffragettes are known to those delighted ladies. A Member for a Northern constituency—a man of peace—returning home one night, saw several female forms upon his doorsteps and at his area railings. Haunted with fears of Christabel and of "General" Drummond, he, with the silent and fleet heels of a De Wet, entered his castle by a back entrance, bolting the door behind him. Hurrying to his wife's bed-room, he informed her of the danger, and she seized her water-jug and emptied it on the fair heads below her. Next morning the cook and two housemaids gave notice. "General" Drummond and sundry Pankhursts were, all the while, not on the M.P.'s doorsteps,



TWIN PORTIAS OF THE UNITED STATES:
MISS ETHEL A. COLFORD.

The sisters were born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, were educated in the Convent of the Visitation, at Washington, and studied law at the Washington College of Law, from which they graduated at the same time as bachelors of law. As may be noted, they resemble one another remarkably, and even their handwritings are alike.

but behind the gates of Holloway. There, it seems, they have been subjected to cunningly cruel treatment, for the principal task allotted them was the making of masculine shirts.

Pat. It is rather a misfortune to speak of the name Patrick as "plebeian." It is a national name, without distinction of class; and though the peasant calls his son by the saint of his country, the name is also patrician. The Duke of Connaught shares it with the dweller in the cabin. In Scotland it happens that Patrick is a name more in vogue among the richer than among the poorer classes. The late Lord Bute delighted to bear it, and it is the name of the bridegroom of the current week, Lord Glamis. And other Scottish Pats are Lord Kelburne and Lord Kinross, as well as sons of Lord Dalhousie, Lord Airlie, and Lord Kinnaird.



THE FLYING MAN AS A TOY: MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT ON HIS AEROPLANE.
Photograph by Branger.

TO BE TAKEN WITH SALT (EPSOM).



INMATE OF COUNTY ASYLUM (*to lady visitor*): Hullo! I'm a mouse-trap. What have you been put in for?
 LADY VISITOR (*desirous of humouring the lunatic*): Me? Oh, I'm a militant Suffragette.
 THE LUNATIC (*disgusted*): Pooh! you've no business in here. You're not a lunatic—you're only an idiot!



VARIED and amusing are the reasons given at times for the success or failure of a play when those discussing the production will not recognise obvious causes. An instance of this was once brought to the notice of Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who, as *Sketch* readers will not need reminding, is playing Hugh Colman in "Idols," at the Garrick Theatre. At the dress rehearsal of "The

Second in Command," at the Haymarket—in which, it cannot be forgotten, he made a great success, and in which, by the way, he was also associated with Miss Evelyn Millard, for she played the heroine—a military man was invited by the management to attend as critic in order to make quite sure that the uniforms were correct in every particular. One by one the men advanced for the inspection of the expert. He examined them critically, and passed the uniforms as correct. Presently, however, he turned to one of the managers, and said—"I should do something to the stripes on the orderly's trousers to make them a bit tarnished, if I were you; they look painfully new. If you alter that,

"An Actor Cleaning Streets." That would be a startling headline on the contents bill of a newspaper, suggesting as it does a fall from the state of grace, if not an actor engaged in "doing time." It would, however, be the true definition of an incident which happened in the life of Mr. John W. Dean, who is playing in both the pieces at the Aldwych Theatre. It occurred in San Francisco, about a week after the earthquake. Mr. Dean was on his way to Australia with a theatrical company, which arrived in San Francisco the day before the disaster. He and the other members of the company made their escape to Oakland, leaving to the mercy of the flames which devastated the city all their effects and clothing, with the exception of those they were wearing. A week later, when the fire had spent itself, and the authorities began to allow people to visit 'Frisco, Mr. Dean and three of his comrades determined to go and see if any of their luggage had been saved. They got their passports and went by ferry from Oakland to 'Frisco. On arrival at the dock, the passengers were received by a squad of soldiers, and as each one landed he was drafted into a line which was finally marched to the end of the pier, directly in front of which was a clearing about three hundred feet long by fifty feet wide, at the farther end of which two or three hundred men were carrying bricks, stones, and débris. It was the most curiously dressed crowd of workmen imaginable, some of the men being in silk hats and frock-coats, some in flannels, and some in lounge suits, but all covered with brick-dust and mortar. They were under the direction of a guard with fixed bayonets. As the party of which Mr. Dean was a member came up, the guard gave an order to the workers to stop, and made the newcomers take their places and clear the car-tracks of bricks and rubbish. One man began to protest, whereupon the

sergeant whipped out his revolver, which looked like a small cannon, and told him that if he did not get to work expletively quick, bits of him would soon be scattered over the surrounding landscape. The sergeant's expression of voice and feature settled the matter. The newcomers could not get at those bricks fast enough, and for a few more minutes they probably broke all records made at brick-piling, while the crowd which had just been relieved indulged in sarcastic comments on their skill. At the end of five minutes lack of condition began to tell, and the men who at first were carrying

five or six bricks at a time began to hunt for halves and quarters when the guard was not looking their way. For half an hour Mr. Dean and his comrades in misfortune had to work, until the next ferry-boat arrived with another batch of recruits.



AUTHOR OF "THE TOYSHOP OF THE HEART":
MISS ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"The Toyshop of the Heart," a new one-act play by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon, is to be produced at the Playhouse on the 26th, on the occasion of the special matinée in aid of the Infants' Hospital. The matinée is under the patronage of the Queen, Prince Olaf of Norway, and other royalties.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

piece will have a record run. You can take my word for it." The stripes were tarnished, and the piece had a record run. On such insignificant details does success hang—at least, in the opinion of certain people.

Miss Evelyn D'Alroy, who has made so marked an impression in "After the Opera," at the Empire Theatre, might be excused were she superstitious in view of an incident which happened to her a few years ago, when she was playing Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross," a part to which she had succeeded only a few weeks previously. She awoke one Monday morning with a feeling of impending trouble, for which she could not account, and which she tried in vain to throw off. As the town in which she was to act was the first of importance the company had visited, and she knew that she would have to play in the evening to an audience of distinction, including several dramatic critics of recognised ability, and, it was even whispered, one or two influential people in the theatrical world, she was very anxious to create a favourable impression, and on the first night she was succeeding admirably, for the performance was going as smoothly as possible, and the audience was lavish with its applause. At last came the big scene on which she relied for her greatest effect. She stood in the centre of the stage, clad in white samite, mystic and wonderful, with the full glare of the limelight on her. It was so blinding that, although everybody could see her, she could see no one. The magnetism of the situation ought to have spread to the farthest corner of the building, and every spectator in the house ought to have been held spellbound by the solemn impressiveness of the scene. Suddenly, to the astonishment and horror of the young actress, a titter began to run through the auditorium, a titter which gradually grew in volume until at last it culminated in a volcanic outburst of laughter as the curtain fell. It was only then that Miss D'Alroy discovered the reason. Just in front of her, invisible, in the vivid light, to her eyes, squatted a large black cat diligently engaged in washing its face and wholly unconscious of the overwhelming effect produced by its efforts.



THE ARISTOCRACY OF WEALTH AND THE ARISTOCRACY OF ART: MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE AND MISS MARY GARDEN.

Miss Mary Garden was due to make her appearance in New York in Massenet's "Thais" last week.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

Nov. 18, 1908

THE SKETCH.

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WHY NOT VARY THE MONOTONY OF SHOW DOGS?



III.—THE BORZOIBULDACHSHUNDBUG.

(RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND, ENGLISH BULLDOG, DACHSHUND, AND PUG.)

DRAWN BY VERNON STOKES AND ALAN WRIGHT.

KEY-NOTES

THE second of the London Symphony Orchestra's concerts offered no novelties to its patrons, but provided them with a delightful evening. Brahms's "Tragic Overture," with which the performance opened, is one of the works that seem to find their fullest expression under Dr. Richter's baton. We have heard it under other auspices and found it unintelligible and even dull. The Prelude and Liebestod from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" make up another of the great masterpieces of music that Dr. Richter has made his own, and when he directs a performance of the work it is quite easy to forget the surroundings of the concert-hall and to see the opera given before the mental eye with all the wealth of detail we associate with the stage, for Dr. Richter extracts from the music the very essence of the drama in fashion quite his own. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is another of the many works that the great conductor interprets with supreme insight, and throughout the evening the London Symphony Orchestra acquitted itself splendidly. The performance opened with the National Anthem, in honour of the King's Birthday.

Miss Kathleen Parlow, the young Canadian violinist who was the soloist at the concert just mentioned, is a very happily gifted young player. It is but seldom that a girl can command such a full, sweet tone. Her technique would be a thing to wonder at if she had not been a pupil of Professor Auer, but there is still a sufficient touch of immaturity about her work to save it from the charge of being uncanny. The observer feels that although Miss Parlow is quite a remarkable violinist, she will be a still better player before she is many years older, for she will acquire what is still to seek in strength and confidence. Her programme was hackneyed enough—Max Bruch's G minor Concerto to begin with; and in the second part, Tchaikovsky's "Sérénade Mélancolique" (a work of sentimental interest) and Paganini's terribly vulgar and meaningless "Moto Perpetuo." Miss Parlow met with a rare reception, and deserved it.

Lovers of beautiful chamber music played with great skill and rare self-effacement cannot afford to miss the concerts of the St. Petersburg String Quartet musicians, who gave their first performance at Bechstein's last Monday week, and are giving others on Nov. 21 and Nov. 26. It is not often that quartet-players evince such a welcome unity of purpose; over and over again, in listening to other combinations, we have to regret the loss of tone-balance due to the overwhelming strength or intensity of one performer. The St. Petersburg players are no more than parts of a perfect whole. Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat major, Borodin's quartet in A flat, and Schumann's in A minor were the three items that made up the

programme, and Borodin's work, which provided the novelty to most of the audience, claimed the ear of the house at once. The composer has something to say, and a straightforward, scholarly way of saying it. He does not hide poverty of thought in a forest of weird orchestral devices, after the fashion of some moderns. His work found a rarely sympathetic interpretation, and must have made many of the audience anxious to hear more from the same pen.

Mme. Melba has every reason to be satisfied with her farewell concert at the Albert Hall. Not only was the house packed throughout with an audience that must be reckoned enthusiastic, as enthusiasm goes in London; not only were the familiar show-pieces welcomed as though they could still boast novelty or musical worth, but, above all, the singing of the songs was as good as ever. Mme Melba's voice has never seemed to us to possess the quality that the most of our operas, old and new, demand; her gifts are lyrical rather than dramatic, but the quality of voice, apart from the question of dramatic possibilities, is not to be rivalled, or even approached. It is unfortunate that the singer's greatest triumphs are associated with operas that have no other excuse than operas that have no other excuse than

her patronage for their prolonged existence; but it is idle to deny, though it is also reasonable to regret, the fact that thousands of people can still listen to "Ah! fors e lui," from "Traviata,"

and to the duo for voice and flute from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Happily, there were more interesting songs on the programme and among the extras given in response to the clamorous applause.

Among the artists who lent added distinction to a great occasion were Herr Backhaus, who, as a pianist, is growing up quite rapidly and coming into an artist's estate, Herr Szigeti, and Mr. John McCormack, whose rendering of the "Salve! Dimora" from the second act of "Faust" was very fine indeed. Mr. Landon Ronald conducted the London Symphony Orchestra. And now Mme. Melba is turning towards the Antipodes, to return to London in the spring of 1910.

The star of Berlioz is in the ascendant. At the next concert of the London Symphony Orchestra his "Harold in Italy" is to replace Glazounov's Eighth Symphony; and, as we write, the Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra is about to give a performance of the composer's "Faust," assisted by two hundred members of the Hanley Glee and Madrigal Society. If Berlioz is to gain, or regain, his hold upon the British public, some praise will be due to M. Edouard Colonne, whose readings of the master's works are so inspiriting and so full of sympathy and insight. COMMON CHORD.



THE YOUNGEST SON OF A GREAT SINGER: MASTER VICTOR RUMFORD, SON OF MISS CLARA BUTT.



A FAMOUS CONTRALTO AND HER YOUNGEST SON: MRS. KENNERLEY RUMFORD (MISS CLARA BUTT) AND MASTER VICTOR RUMFORD.

Photographs by Ellis and Wallery.

THE WISE CHILD.



THE SMALL BOY (*to his mother*): Mummy, if Daddy hadn't been such a nice man, who would have been my father?

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

WHEN I spoke some time ago of what lack of incident there is in the lives of people who write, I did not mean to say—and the intelligent reader did not suppose me to say—that we are therefore not anxious to know all we can know of the really great ones whose books have become part of our imaginative life. What lives could have been more destitute of incident, in the sense of outward things happening, than those of the Brontës? And what lives have a more mysterious fascination for anyone who has read "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights," and has imagination enough to wonder and muse over those narrow, lonely existences at Haworth? It is a literary fashion to sneer at "chatter about Harriet," at those who are curious about the details of poets' lives. Yet, if we wish to know the soul of a man, few details of his life are necessarily irrelevant, and we have Carlyle's authority for believing that the most insignificant at first sight may be most illuminative. Mr. Clement Shorter, I suppose, has been sneered at for his untiring search after facts about the Brontës, which has included a journey to Ireland to see Charlotte's aged widower—who never appreciated her genius. For my part, I think it does him infinite credit that he should have given so much study and labour to a theme so remote from all the hideous clatter and advertisement of contemporary scribbling. He has now brought out "The Brontës' Life and Letters," in two volumes (Hodder and Stoughton). They are certain to be widely read in the satisfaction of a by no means unworthy curiosity. They may not tell us much that we did not know in essentials, but they tell all there is to be told fully, and contain many previously unpublished letters.

At the same time appears (Heinemann) "The Poems of Emily Brontë," with an introduction by Mr. Arthur Symons, whose illness the many admirers of his poetry and criticism are deplored. In her case the curious are indeed met by an impenetrable veil. She must have been one of those pathetic beings whose shyness—not so much shrinking as fiercely withdrawing—repels nearly all of us, though we may afterwards reproach ourselves for the repulsion.

She will always remain inscrutable, and therefore wonderful, and a challenge to our imagination. We know only that she was silent, aloof, unhappy, and a genius.

The central tragedy of the Brontës' lives was the fate of their brother Branwell. It is a most pitiful story, not because he himself was a genius *manqué*—far better men than he have been wasted in his fashion—but because his three sisters, all of them with fine, unselfish spirits,



"BUT WHEN I CAME UNTO MY BED,
WITH TESS-POTS STILL HAD DRUNKEN HEAD."

One of Mr. W. Heath Robinson's Water-Colour Illustrations to "Twelfth Night,"
to be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton

and two of them with noble intellects, who loved him passionately and admired him (it is probable) infinitely more than he deserved, had to watch his degradation day by day. It was so natural that those three lonely women should believe so fondly in their brother, and so infinitely pathetic. . . .

But I am sitting up in my chair, and must lounge back with a lighter theme. "Piccadilly to Pall Mall," by Ralph Neville and Charles Edward Jerningham (Duckworth), contains a number of good stories. They are not eighteenth-century stories, such as some other books about Piccadilly have contained, but stories of the last twenty-five years or so, together with many observations on changes in

our manners and such subjects. It is a very readable book indeed. By the way, though, I can improve on one of the stories. It tells how a guest, arriving at a country house, was astonished by the familiar reception he got from the footman who opened the door. The footman became more and more familiar, until the guest rebuked him, with the result that he was hustled and chased into the drawing-room, and landed there with a kick. The footman turned out to be the host's younger brother dressed up. A good practical joke, but some friends of mine played it more funnily still. Two of them dressed up, one as the butler, the other as the footman, for the benefit of a distinguished old gentleman who arrived in the house where they were staying. They graduated their eccentricity (as servants) very carefully, so that at first he merely thought they were new to the business, then grew more and more puzzled as they became odder and odder. It was not until the end of dinner that the performance closed with one leap-frogging over the other, while the distinguished guest hardly believed his eyes, and going up to shake hands with him in their proper identities. Perhaps the most difficult parts were played by the people who had to sit still and keep their countenances.

The authors give an interesting account of Berry's shop in St. James's Street, which started weighing its customers in the eighteenth century, and has the record of their weights, including all the Regent's brothers, but not (I think) the Regent himself, who was sensitive about his size. There is also a parlour, where gambling went on, with a recess, where a boy was hidden—to look out for a raid, the authors say, but, as I heard the story, to overlook one player's hand and give him away to his opponent. I have meant to write an article about Berry's shop for years—and now it is done for me. Alas!

Mr. Edmund Gosse has published a volume of his exquisite and feeling poetry, called "Autumn Leaves" (Heinemann). I remember that in his last volume of poetry he lamented the passage of the years; but that was many, too many, years ago, and he is younger than ever, and if he is right in speaking of autumn, his winter is far off.

I must write next week of Mr. Comyns Carr's Reminiscences. At present I have not finished reading them, and I insist on doing so in my proper lounging attitude.

N. O. I.



"FOR THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY."

One of Mr. W. Heath Robinson's Water-Colour Illustrations to "Twelfth Night,"
to be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.



THE REV. MACDRONE: How sad, how sad it is to find all asleep—all, save one poor idiot.
THE VILLAGE LOON: Don't leave me out. I'm awake as well as you.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Rival Royal Sisters.

In cordially welcoming the King of Sweden to England we must all note it as one of the little ironies of life that his Majesty's immediate predecessors at our Court were the young couple who now rule over what until yesteryear formed part of the Swedish dominions. Windsor Castle has seen not a few such incidents in modern days. When Louis Napoleon and his beautiful Empress visited the late Queen there, the royal guest who made way for them was the widowed ex-Queen of the French. As striking a contrast, however, was forthcoming in the lives of our own Princess Royal and Princess Alice. The scene of the Empress Frederick's unhappy days was on territory wrung by Prussia from the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. That act of brigandage by Prussia made the future Empress no happier; it condemned her sister, the Princess Alice, to penury.

A Madman's Whenth German Musings. Emperor tells us that the English are all mad, he is as sweeping as a former occupant of a European throne, when he cheerfully surveyed the royal families of the day. It was his most excellent Majesty Christian VII. of Denmark, brother-in-law of our George III. His family was gathered about him, and as he ran his eye over them, he thus unbosomed himself to Count de Segur: "It must be confessed that we form a charming party! My daughter is bandy-legged, my son is like an albino, my brother is a hunchback, my sister squints, and I am a madman. My cousin, the King of England, is the most demented man in his kingdom; my brother, Paul of Russia, has a touch of it, I think; my colleague of Naples is much the same; my little cousin of Sweden promises to be as bad." A charming party, truly, and impartially estimated by the man who confessed, by way of finale, "But I am certainly the maddest of the lot!"

Thus Far and No Farther. General Baden-Powell has been crossing swords—that is to say, pens—with a gentleman who reproves him for his call to young men to join the Territorials. The warrior's correspondent, like the rest of us, hates war. For answer, he receives the assurance of the Major-General that the latter also hates war, but believes that the best way to prevent it is to be prepared for it. The problem

once presented itself in acute form to the late Mr. Frederick Leveson-Gower. He hated war, yet he accepted a seat on the board of Armstrong's, the gun-makers. It was a ticklish position. "I should always regret a war, although it might be to our advantage," he remarked to another conscientious director. "Perhaps you do not object to rumours of war," neatly suggested that practical man.

Old Ties Severed. Prince Bülow

cannot have so bad a time, no matter what now happens, as attended Bismarck's fall from power. In the hour of his wrath he vowed that the Emperor had him bundled out of his official residence without even allowing him time to pack his goods and chattels. The vilest creature in the Empire, he averred, could not have been treated with less consideration. We shall not know the whole truth of that quarrel until the long-expected third volume of the Reminiscences appears. We have had the Emperor's version. He talked as freely to Prince zu Hohenlohe as he has since talked to Britons and Americans. First he would, and then he wouldn't, the Emperor said. He would have Ministers report personally to the Emperor; then he grew jealous, and would not let them go near; and, rather than yield on this point, he resigned.

The Lethal Reward. After all,

civilisation is something to be thankful for, when Kings and their Ministers fall out. It may not prevent harikari in Japan, but it answers in the West. What would poor Prince Bülow say were his fate to resemble that of Masipula, Cetewayo's Prime Minister? Masipula had long and faithfully served Cetewayo's father, and opposed the bloodthirsty aggression of the son. The latter, when he reigned, sent for Masipula, saying

that as the latter had been Minister so long he ought to die. "Why go?" said an Englishman; "ride over the border into Natal, and live there." The old man answered with dignity. "And do you think that after being his father's Minister so long I would refuse to obey the son's orders?" He went. They put poison in his drink, but that was not strong enough for the tough old statesman. Then they determined to hang him, and when they brought the rope, he himself put his neck in the noose, and died hanged, and charged with poison enough for forty men.



THE NEW DISH: A CAMEL FOR SALE AS FOOD IN PARIS.

Eight camels, known to the butchers as "Mebaris," reached Paris from Casa Blanca the other day, and one of them has been killed and sold for eating. The prices asked for the meat are from 10d. to 1s. 8d. a pound for the inferior pieces, and from 5s. to 8s. a pound for the undercut and the hump. It is said that the meat is like tough, gristly beef.—[Photograph by Branger.]



CHOCOLATE SANDWICH: A WALKING ADVERTISEMENT IN PAKOKKU, BURMAH.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

WINNIE AND THE WIDOWER.

BY EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.

"IT'S the first time," said Winnie, letting her eyes droop, "it's the first time that we have been quite alone together—since it happened."

The Widower seemed struck by the circumstance.

"Yes," he replied consideringly, "I believe it is—I positively believe it is."

"I—I hope," she said timidly, "I hope you've—you've got over it—by now?"

The Widower reflected.

"I think I have," he answered conscientiously; "I'm almost sure I have. You see, I have been trying hard—travelling and all that sort of thing, you know. I finished up at Monte Carlo. The place cheered me wonderfully; I lost quite a lot of money at the tables."

"I think that was very wrong of you," said Winnie sternly. "Gambling is wicked."

"Ah—but if you knew what a relief it was to be able to do something wicked again," sighed the Widower, "you would overlook it. Do you know, I was gradually becoming almost too good to live. It gave me quite a shock, when I realised it. My constitution would not have stood the strain much longer, I am certain."

"The older men grow, the worse they get," declared Winnie with the air of one delivering a profound epigram.

"That, of course, is the natural tendency," he admitted. "It doesn't do to check it—beyond a certain point." He sighed again at this sudden contemplation of man's innate depravity. "It's like suppressing measles," he added a little inconsequently.

"What is?" she asked, regarding her fan.

"Curbing man's natural tendency to grow worse," he explained, "beyond a certain point. It often leads to more dangerous complications."

"In your case I do trust," exclaimed Winnie in a tone of extreme solicitude, "that the—the complications have not yet become as bad as all that?"

"Fortunately—no," he assured her. "Monte Carlo just saved me. You have no idea what an excellent safety-valve for suppressed tendencies Monte Carlo is. It's a most terribly wicked place."

"I should love to go there," she sighed.

The Widower gazed at her with cold disapproval.

"I am surprised to hear you express an inclination of that sort!" he said sternly. "You have no tendencies that require artificial evaporation."

"Of course not," said Winnie hastily. "How dare you suggest such a thing!"

"The suggestion was yours," he pointed out judicially. "You implied—"

"I didn't," she interrupted, blushing. "I merely meant I should love to see the scenery."

"Oh," said the Widower, looking relieved, "the *scenery*, of course. The *scenery*, I may say, is beautiful. The sea is a kind of greenish-blue tint, and there are, I believe, hills and things, and the Casino is quite a fine building—especially inside. The—the trees—"

"Oh, never mind the trees!" interrupted Winnie impatiently. "I wanted to talk to you about something else. I wanted to—to console with you."

"Thanks," he murmured. "I shall be very pleased, I'm sure."

"Pleased?" She regarded him severely.

"I mean pleased to be condoled with," he explained, "by you."

"It must have been a great blow," observed Winnie, in a tone of detached commiseration.

"It was—she never expected it," he sighed.

"I meant a blow to *you*," corrected Winnie.

"Oh—to *me!* I suppose it was; yes, no doubt it was—though

I managed somehow to bear up. *Ne tu cede malis*—you have read Virgil?"

"No—I haven't," she declared with unnecessary vehemence.

"I beg pardon," said the Widower humbly. "Yes, I pulled through somehow—"

"With the help of travel—and Monte Carlo," suggested Winnie a little maliciously.

"Precisely," he agreed, quite unoffended. "And if you have done condoling, we—"

"I've not done," she interposed. "Though I don't believe you require to be condoled with a bit. What's the good of a man pretending to be sorry when he isn't?"

"That's exactly what *I* say," remarked the Widower, brightening. "What's the good?"

Winnie frowned; she felt that her ethical sense was in some danger of outrage by this practical view of the matter.

"Well, then, *don't* pretend," she retorted.

"Certainly not, if you wish it," he assented cheerfully. "Let us talk about—"

"No," put in Winnie firmly, "not yet. It's—it's hardly decent, I think, to dismiss a melancholy subject in such an off-hand way."

"Well, perhaps not," agreed the Widower, in a resigned tone. "Only, if it's all the same to you, I—"

"It isn't," she cut him short.

The Widower spread out his hands deprecatingly.

"Of course," he admitted, with an amiable smile.

Winnie was silent for a moment. Then she looked up suddenly, fixing her large, blue, childish eyes on the Widower's abstracted countenance.

"I can't think," she protested, "what on earth ever made you marry her."

The Widower withdrew his gaze slowly from vacancy and let it rest on her face with mild wonder.

"You didn't *know* my wife," he remarked cryptically.

"I don't see that that would have helped to explain what made you marry her," persisted Winnie.

"It would have helped immensely," he corrected. "It would have afforded a complete and satisfactory explanation, in fact."

Winnie shook her head.

"I don't understand," she admitted. "It has puzzled me ever since—especially as . . . as—" She faltered and blushed.

"Exactly," said the Widower. "Especially as that was the case."

"Don't be absurd!" exclaimed Winnie wrathfully. "All the same, I should like to know," she added, with true feminine pertinacity, "what made you marry her?"

"Shall I tell you?" he asked calmly.

"Do, please," entreated Winnie.

"She did," said the Widower.

"She did? What do you mean?"

"I mean that she made me marry her," explained the Widower patiently.

"Your *wife*?" demanded Winnie, opening wide eyes of amazement upon him.

"Yes. She was a woman of the most extraordinary determination. She was very rich too." He sighed. "Money is such a power," he added.

"Then," said Winnie, with an air of stern rebuke, "it was not a love match at all?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly what you would describe as a *love* match," he conceded; "although she pretended to be very devoted to me. I may add that she had a rather remarkable way of showing her devotion at times."

[Continued overleaf.]

"What sort of a remarkable way?" inquired Winnie, becoming interested. "Did she pet you too much?"

"Hardly too much," replied the Widower reflectively. "You see, the poor girl had a somewhat fiery temper. She was terribly jealous—entirely, oh, quite entirely without cause," he hastened to add. "Nevertheless, she would not allow me on any consideration to speak to a woman under forty-five."

"That must have been a great hardship," murmured Winnie.

"I could have supported it with equanimity," he sighed. "But she latterly developed various uncomfortable eccentricities. Among other things she became a vegetarian, and compelled me to live on herbs like herself. She embraced the absurd theory that two meals a day were enough for human beings to subsist upon, and from that moment I never knew what it was not to feel hungry. It was this practice, I believe, that eventually carried her off."

"She—she was not very young?" hazarded Winnie.

"Poor girl—no! She—she had been, I believe. But she outgrew it. She was in her sixty-fourth year when she expired."

"Sixty-four!" exclaimed Winnie.

"Sixty-three," he corrected.

"O—oh!" ejaculated Winnie in a long-drawn gasp. "And you—you were only twenty-five when you married her!"

"When she married me," the Widower interposed mildly. "Yes; I couldn't help that, you know. It was three years ago now, so I became considerably older as we went along."

"She was old enough to have been your grandmother!" exclaimed Winnie indignantly.

"True; but she would never have consented to act in that relation towards me—though, of course, I should have preferred it, if it could have been arranged."

"I feel," declared Winnie severely, "that we are treating the subject much too flippantly."

"I feel that, too," he agreed.

"Marriage," she continued, ignoring his interruption, "even with an elderly lady, is a subject that should be discussed in a spirit of proper reverence. Marriage is a beautiful and romantic idea—"

"Yes," he said. "Go on."

"It is," said Winnie, warming to her theme, "the most blissful state in which human beings can exist—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the Widower, but do you think 'blissful' is exactly the right word to—express your idea?"

"Certainly," said Winnie, with asperity.

"Cases have been known," he observed, in an impersonal tone, "where there has been quite a regrettable absence of this particular ingredient, I believe. For instance, if your wife is a vegetarian—"

"Food has nothing to do with marriage," retorted Winnie.

The Widower shook his head sadly.

"You've not been married," he sighed; "so you don't know."

"That's true," conceded Winnie meditatively. "I don't know—at least not yet—"

"There's no reason why you shouldn't," put in the Widower, with sudden eagerness.

"Oh, but I am not sure that I want to," she objected.

"You would then enjoy the advantage of being in a position to prove your assertion," he urged.

"About food?" she inquired innocently.

"And—the other things," he added. "The romantic beauty and the blissfulness, you know."

"And supposing I found—when it was too late—that I was wrong?" she demurred.

"You wouldn't," said the Widower, with emphasis. "You would find that—in your case—theory and practice would entirely coincide. To begin with, you—are not a vegetarian."

"But," protested Winnie, "my husband might insist upon making me become one."

"I can answer for him," said the Widower decisively. "Do you know, Winnie—by the way, you don't mind my calling you 'Winnie,' do you? You see, I have known you ever since you were a little baby—"

"You have known me just six years," corrected Winnie sternly. "Since I was sixteen."

"Really!" said the Widower in astonishment. "I fancied—I imagined—I was quite under the impression, in fact, that I had known you much longer."

"Well, you haven't," said Winnie. "And I should think that's quite long enough."

"Quite," he agreed, "for the purpose. And 'Winnie' has always struck me as being the very prettiest name a girl could have—Winnie."

"I didn't say you could!" she exclaimed.

"I have a wonderful way of taking things for granted," explained the Widower airily. "But, do you know, it just occurred to me—while you were talking and while you were showing me what a beautiful thing marriage might be with a sweet girl (who wasn't a vegetarian)—it just occurred to me that I was most frightfully fond of you—"

"Oh," said Winnie, rising. "There's the next dance beginning, and I—"

"Sit down," said the Widower, placing a detaining hand on her arm. "Never mind the next dance. What do you think I came here for to-night? I didn't come to dance. I came to see you. I have been waiting to see you for—months; but they told me you were engaged, and I kept away."

"I—I broke it off," she murmured, looking down.

"Was—was he a vegetarian?" asked the Widower anxiously.

Winnie raised her eyes to his, and her cheeks turned suddenly crimson.

"No, but I, I—"

The Widower gave a little triumphant laugh.

"My darling," he whispered in her ear, "we can make it up to each other all the rest of our lives!"

THE END.



THE GUIDE: You see that large house surrounded by trees? Well, that's the town house of the Duke of Diddendum, one of our largest landed proprietors.

FAIR AMERICAN (excitedly): Say! who landed him?

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



A GUIDE TO THE SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE SOCIETY OF MOTOR MANUFACTURERS
AND TRADERS' AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.—II.

SPACE last week precluded reference to everything that is worthy of inspection at Olympia, but opportunity is now afforded for the publication of further notes upon outstanding features of the Show. To cover the exhibits ranged beneath Olympia's roof, more than one visit is necessary, and the following details may be taken as a fairly full guide for the second call—

*Speed-
Recording.*

There is no better or more widely known firm of mathematical instrument-makers than Messrs. Elliott Bros., of 36, Leicester Square, and Century Works, Lewisham, and the repute gained for them by the excellence of their drawing and other instruments in the past is more than maintained by the golden opinions expressed by all users of their speedometers and revolution-indicators. With regard to the former instruments, there are most interesting refinements of indication, both as to trip and speed recording, which give quite a zest to the driving of a car to which they are fitted. In the matter of the revolution-counters, Messrs. Elliott Bros. have supplied a want long felt by the critical driver, who dearly loves to know just what his engine is doing at all times. Automobilists who have used these instruments on their cars in hill-climbing competitions have found them render most valuable assistance and information. A great feather in the cap of the Elliott instruments is the fact that they have been selected for use by Mr. S. F. Edge on Napier cars when undergoing tests of all descriptions.

*Armstrong-
Whitworths.*

The pick of the Armstrong-Whitworth Stand, No. 64, is most undoubtedly the 18-22 h.p. Armstrong-Whitworth chassis, which is being presented for the first time. The four-cylinder engine has its cylinders cast separately, with ample water-jackets, particularly round the valve-chambers,

which are opposed, the valves being of large dimensions. The crank-shaft rotates in five long bearings, so that the shaft itself is most rigidly held, and great stiffness and wearing properties are obtained. These bearings are all carried in the upper half of the crank-chamber, thus permitting the lower half to be easily

detachable and to act as a cover and oil-retainer only. Access to crank-shaft and big ends is thus readily afforded—a point the value of which should not be overlooked. The engine lubrication has had most careful attention, the oil being driven through leads in the crank-shaft at a pressure of from 5 to 10 lb. per square inch to the crank-shaft bearings and connecting-rod ends. The need for the carriage of a pool of oil in the crank-case is thereby avoided, and no smoky exhaust results. While a perfectly designed multi-jet carburettor is fitted, the jets are so positioned that they can be withdrawn for cleaning without disturbing any part of the carburettor itself or the

petrol leads—an invaluable convenience when dirty petrol is encountered. A multi-disc clutch is used. The stamped-steel front-axle, stamped from the solid without welds or joints, is a feature to be recommended highly, as welded axle-ends are thus dispensed with. Although the steering-gear is of the worm-and-segment type, the worm-wheel is a complete circle, in lieu of being of quadrant or sector form. This permits of a quadruple adjustment, each time bringing a new set of teeth into gear, thus increasing the life of the steering-gear four times. Both gear-shafts run on ball-bearings, with direct drive on the fourth speed. The shafts are of large diameter, and the gear-wheels are kept very wide. The silence of the gear when running in mesh is ensured by the accurate cutting of the teeth.

*The Wheel
Mechanical.*

It is more than interesting to realise how long, with a high-class, refined mechanical production like a motor-car, the carriage-wheel or the adaptation of a wooden gun-carriage wheel has held its own as a standard. Such a clinging to ancient custom is undoubtedly due to that conservative desire, which still obtains more or less, to make

the modern motor-car bear as much as possible the appearance of the horse-drawn carriage which it is so rapidly supplanting. With a body designed as a motor body, the wooden-spoke wheel looks incongruous and out of place, so much so that on the chassis of many leading makes at Olympia the detachable



THE NEW 1909 HOTCHKISS CHASSIS.

The chassis is priced at £565. The engine has four cylinders, cast in pairs, with a bore and stroke of 110 by 130, and gives about 40-h.p. on the brake.—[Photograph by Barene.]



THE 18-22-H.P. ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH LANDAUETTE.

cycle-built Rudge-Whitworth wheels will be found in evidence. Apart altogether from their additional strength, they are quite the right things in the right place, which is sufficiently testified by their appearance on the grand chassis of the Napier, Lanchester, Singer, Sunbeam, Thornycroft, and other cars.

Perfect Speed Indicator. In the Gallery at Olympia, at Stand 185, will be found a most interesting array of the various instruments, watches, and clocks which the famous house of Messrs. S. Smith and Son, Limited, of 9, Strand, W.C., put before the world of motorists. Chief of all these is, of course, the "Perfect Speed Indicator," in its various forms, from the five guineas-type upwards. There is no instrument of the kind which enjoys a better or a more worldwide reputation; and to its consistent exactitude and wear the writer, who has used it on no fewer than three cars, can bear personal witness. The testimony of Smith's Perfect Speed Indicator has even been permitted to prevail against the otherwise immaculate and unquestionable police evidence in the matter of speed, and this in cases heard before Benches of pronounced motor-phobists. The accuracy of these well-known and greatly appreciated instruments is ensured by the fact that they are the production of famous English watchmakers—makers who are responsible for the construction of watches that pass through Kew Observatory with the maximum of marks again and again. Messrs. Smith and Son, Limited, show many other accessories interesting to motorists; but for a complete realisation of the variety and quality of their productions a visit to the stand is an absolute necessity.

The Valiant Vauxhalls. Stand No. 43 should have careful attention, for upon it will be found a 20-h.p. polished chassis, exactly resembling the 20-h.p. Vauxhall which acquitted itself so valorously in the Two Thousand Miles Trial of the Royal Automobile Club and in subsequent hill-climbs, both in this country and on the Continent. It should be noted that the engine is cast with its four cylinders *en bloc*, these cylinders being 3½ in. bore and having a

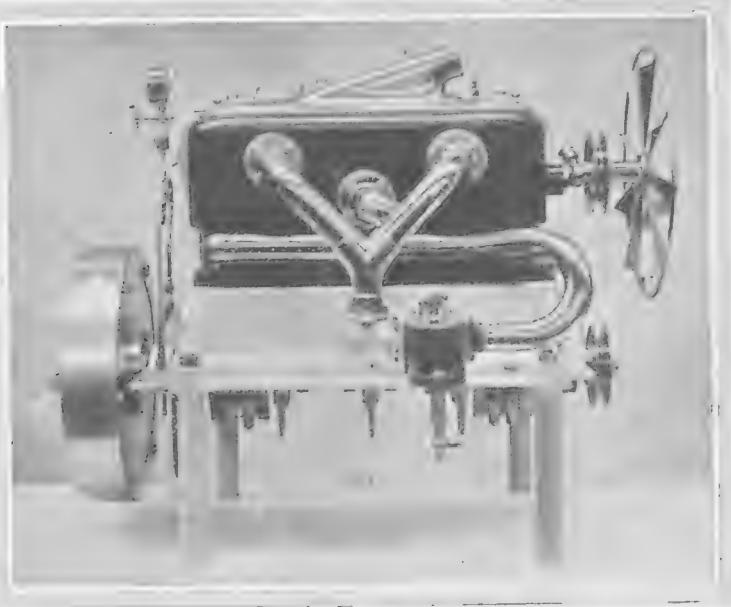
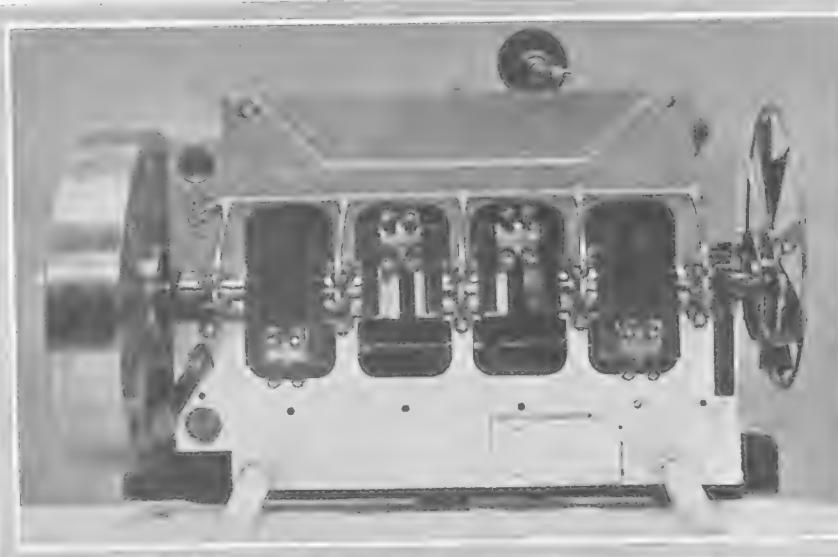
stroke of 4¾ in.—a most admirable proportion. The engine is lubricated by a plunger force-pump circulating oil under pressure, and delivering the same through the crank-shaft bearings and hollow crank-shaft to the connecting-rod bearings. The system is absolutely automatic, is indicated by a pressure-gauge on the dashboard, and is provided with a by-pass valve to adjust pressure when necessary. Thermo-syphon cooling, assisted by a fan behind the radiator, is provided; the clutch is of the metal-to-metal type, running in oil, and the gear affords four speeds forward, with direct drive on the fourth speed. The design of the back-axle is also worthy of attention. The 2000-miles trial and Class "E" winner is shown upon the stand.



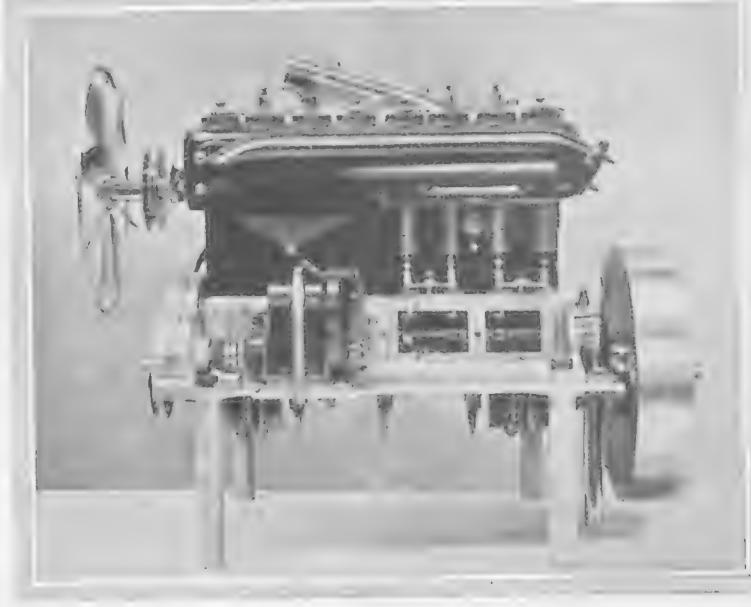
THE MOTOR-CLUB CLAY-PIGEON SWEEPSTAKES: MR. CHARLES JARROTT,
Winner of the driving butts and the double driving butts events.

Photograph by Foto.

THE ENGINE, SHOWING FORCED LUBRICATION TO THE MAIN AND BIG-END BEARINGS.



THE ENGINE FROM THE CARBURETTER SIDE.



THE VAUXHALL ENGINE.

A Good Thing from America. Notwithstanding our open markets, America does not send us much in the shape of motor-cars, but here and there one drops across something of superlative excellence. The White Steam car stands almost alone in its special category, and in the petrol cars of the world the new 30-h.p. Cadillac, Stand No. 89, will be admitted a prominent place. In the matter of workmanship nothing remains to be said in face of the now famous Interchangeability Trial, in which

three 10-h.p. Cadillac cars were concerned, and which was carried out so triumphantly, as all the world now knows, under the rigid scrutiny of the Royal Automobile Club. The Cadillac four-cylinder 30-h.p. engine, with its copper water-jackets, is a most admirable piece of work, but the surprise of the packet resides in the wonderful value offered in the 30-h.p. car with smart five-seated body for 320 guineas.

F. N. To the motor-cyclist these two letters stand for all that is good, fast, and reliable in motor-cycles, and the skill and address which have been lavished upon these remarkable little single-gauge machines has been turned to great account in the production of the 8-12-h.p. two-seated and the 14-16-h.p. F. N. cars. These cars are the production of the National Arms Factory of Belgium, and in their material and finish is every

evidence of the metallurgical skill and mechanical knowledge so necessary to the production of perfect firearms. The 8-12-h.p. F.N. car, complete with two-seated body, is priced at £250; while the 14-16-h.p., with wheels fitted with Palmer cord-tyres, costs £350. Neat engine-design and the accessibility of all parts will impress every visitor who gives these fascinating cars his attention.

Pedals to Push. That's all. And that is all required in the conduct of the 10-h.p. four-seated Adams car, now offered as a miracle of value to the public at £225. But this is not the sum-total of surprise and interest to be found on Stand 58 at Olympia, for there, in preparation for the season 1909, the Adams Manufacturing Company, Limited, of 106, New Bond Street and Bedford, are showing yet another car, which they term the Adams "Varsity" type, in the shape of a low, light car with a long bonnet and rakish body. The latter is two-seated, the seats being of the bucket type, with accommodation for spare tyres at the rear of the seats. This very smart and attractive little vehicle will sell at about £200. Visitors to the Adams stand should realise that this firm have been at great pains to perfect the epicyclic or planetary gear, giving three speeds forward and reverse, which practically demolishes the one remaining objection to epicyclic gears—namely, that they could only be made to yield two forward speeds. In the Adams gear only five hardened steel pinions are used, and as these are always in mesh, damage to gear-wheel teeth in changing speed is impossible.



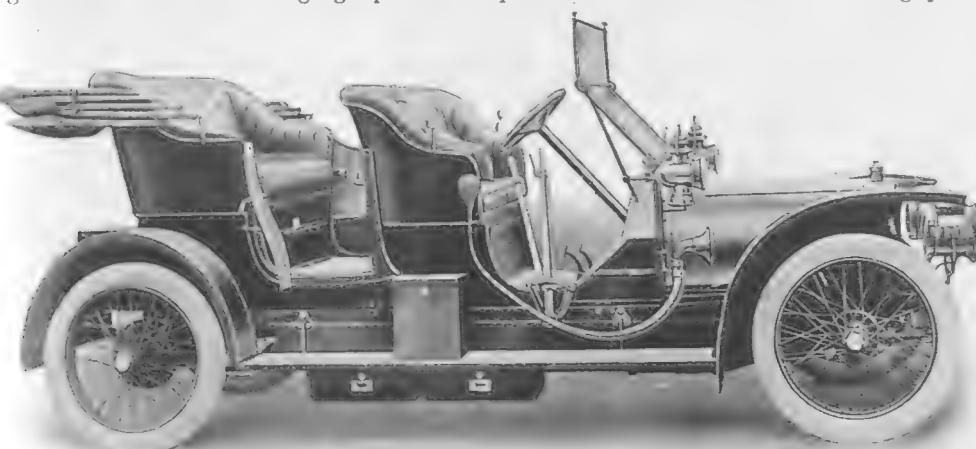
THE £225 ADAMS 14-16-H.P. CAR, WITH MR. A. H. ADAMS AT THE WHEEL.

carriage in two large, single-caged ball-bearings not only possible, but preferable. It permits any amount of cut-off without any diminution of lead; indeed, the engine is run normally on half-cut-off, a full opening being obtainable, when desired, by a throttle-actuating pedal. Fresh features of interest are the ingenious but simple method of separating the grease from the feed-water in the water-tank, the provision of an emergency petrol-tank in the petrol-tank proper, and the newly designed feed water-heater. An interesting sectioned example of the new White engine, with its piston-valves, is to be seen on the White stand.

A Fine Engine Range. Although reference was made to the various types of Siddeley cars in the Supplement of last week, still I should like to draw attention to the engine exhibits by the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company, on Stand 47. A very highly finished example of each power is shown, apart and distinct from any chassis, which affords the visitor an opportunity of making a close and interesting examination of superlative work.

Weigels. Notwithstanding certain vicissitudes under which the firm of Weigel Motors 1907, Limited, have lately passed, which might possibly lead to a misunderstanding of the company's position with regard to its future,

the 1909 Weigel motors, in their various types, are found on Stand No. 50, where they are well worth inspection. The genesis of the Weigel car is known to have been the sincerest flattery of a well-known and most successful Continental make, but the past experience of the experts of this company has enabled them to graft



THE BURLINGTON LIGHT TOURING BODY ON A 15-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE CHASSIS—BODY BY THE BURLINGTON CARRIAGE COMPANY.

The "S.-S." Cars. In low-medium-powered, moderate-priced cars at Olympia, the 14-16-h.p. four-cylinder Straker-Squire, by Messrs. Straker-Squire and Co., of 75-77, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., wants a lot of beating. If my memory does not fail me, this is the chassis which, as a type, made its bow at the Dublin Show, and was most highly spoken of all round. It was then most fittingly called "The Shamrock," but some previous user has obliged Messrs. Straker-Squire and Co. to forego this title and put out the car as the 14-16-h.p. Straker-Squire. As a two-seater at £315 complete, it is most remarkable value, for the design and workmanship are undeniable throughout.

Low-Pressure Non-Skids. Seldom has a tyre made such rapid progress in the appreciation of the motorists of this country as the Kempshall tyre—an American invention originally, it is true, but now a British production. The new Kempshalls, with the strengthened buttresses, are to be found on Stand 272, and will well repay inspection. It is claimed that they always grip, never slip, and cannot rip.

The Modern Panhard. From the very earliest days, and indeed to-day, the name Panhard stands for all that is understood by durability, reliability, and certainty in motor-cars. All the valuable attributes which have gained for the Panhards their priceless reputation in the past are found to-day at Stand 36, embodied with every up-to-date proved improvement in the 10-h.p., 15-h.p., and 18-h.p. live-axle models.

Joy in the White. There has, of course, always been joy in the driving and use of a White Steam car, but now Joy, not the emotion, but the great old British engineer, is found to be concerned in this connection. In the White Steam engine of 1909, the Stephenson slide-valve has given way to the Joy valve-gear, which every locomotive and marine engineer knows and



LORD RIBBLESDALE'S NEW CAR: A 20-H.P. ENGLISH LORRAINE-DIETRICH LIMOUSINE.
Photograph by Argent Archer.

undeniable improvements upon their original models. The cars presented by Weigel Motors, 1907, Limited, deserve the careful attention and respect of all Englishmen visiting the Show, for the reason that they are one of the few firms who have shown pluck enough to put down money and cars in a bold attempt to wrest

foreign racing honours from our Continental opponents. Bad luck was responsible for their failures, but it will surely be agreed that it is better to have built and lost than never to have built at all. Weigel cars are shown in three powers—a 60-h.p. six-cylinder, a 40-h.p. four-cylinder, and a 25-h.p. four-cylinder. While the 40-h.p. is provided with a beautifully designed low-tension magneto ignition, the 25-h.p. is fired by a high-tension magneto.

Gear Disappearance.

Visitors should make a point of calling at Stand 41, in order to inspect the new six-cylinder Sheffield-Simplex car, in which the orthodox gear-box has been dispensed with. The reduction in the number of parts is over one hundred and fifty, and in weight of chassis considerably more than two hundredweight. This is no experiment, for a car built on the lines shown has been severely tested during the past season on roads extending from the South of England to the North of Scotland, a distance of 5000 miles having been covered before the system was regarded as proved.

The Reo Cars. Although absent from Olympia, these well-known cars will be on view at the spacious show-rooms of Reo Motors, Limited, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, whither a visit is desirable. The 10-h.p. Reo, complete and ready for the road for £125, is really a miracle of value, as is, indeed, the 18-22-h.p. Reo touring-car, priced at £225, in lieu of £260 this year and £300 last year. The Reo cars are all equipped with the Goodyear Quick detachable rims and Quick detachable tyres, a feature most remarkable in cars of this price. The boon of such provisions to cars which for the most part will be looked after and driven by their owners is not to be overvalued. Epicyclic gears, with the teeth of the gear-wheels always in mesh, are fitted, and the drive thence to the back axle is by a single central chain—the most efficient form of transmission. Reo cars are wonderfully dustless, as was indicated by the awards in the Royal Automobile Club's Dust Trials. The cars are carried upon full elliptic springs, which afford the easiest riding over the roughest roads.

Peugeots.

There are no better known and no better appreciated cars now before the public than the Peugeot cars, for the firm responsible for their production have been engaged in the design and production of automobiles since the earliest days. Strength and reliability have been their characteristics since the outset, and coupled with every desirable up-to-date feature, those characteristics remain unto this day. As I write, a certificate of a non-stop run from Aberdeen to London, made by Mr. T. H. Paterson on an 18-24-h.p. Peugeot on Continental tyres, under the auspices of the Scottish Automobile

Club, lies before me. The car left Aberdeen at 8 p.m. on Nov. 3, reached Edinburgh at 4 a.m. on Nov. 5, and arrived in London, at the Motor Club, at 11.52 p.m. the same night. There was a delay of twenty-seven minutes on the whole run, due to snow, darkness, and traffic; but the engine ran all the time without any stop whatever, even when replenishing with petrol.

The new live-axle Peugeot, with spherically headed torque column enclosing propeller-shaft, and spring drive introduced between the heads of the driving-shafts and the road-wheel hubs, merits attention.

"Autoclipse" Lamps.

In the Gallery was caught by the well-designed Autoclipse lamps shown by Messrs. Brown Brothers, Limited. In these lamps the light is always under perfect control by the driver, who is able to vary its intensity at will, and to suit the immediate environment of the car. In contemplation of the action about to be taken by the R.A.C. in the matter of glaring lamps, the Autoclipse device is interesting.

The Crossley Carburetter.

The detail improvements in carburetters as evidenced at the Show are too numerous and almost too minute to characterise. Multi-jet carburetters occur with considerable frequency, and there is certainly an admirable tendency to make the withdrawal of the jets a perfectly simple and easy matter. There would appear to be too few attempts to control the petrol-feed mechanically and proportionately to the air-supply; but what I believe will be found to be a correct and satisfactory method is to be seen in the new Crossley

carburetter, which is a salient feature of the Crossley cars for 1909.

The Latest Lubrication. Engine lubrication has received more attention than ever before. The sump in the crank-chamber and the pumped oil-feed are almost universal; although, to my mind, there are still too many instances of the pump being used to lift the oil to sight-feeds on the dashboard only. The most up-to-date practice, and the soundest, is the pumped forced feed through ducts drilled in the crank-shaft, and thereby reaching the crank-shaft bearings and connecting-rod ends. In some cases the oil is forced to its destination at pressures varying from 5 lb. to 10 lb. to the square inch—quite sufficient to obviate stoppage of any kind. As this arrangement makes for an absolutely smokeless exhaust, it is much to be commended and encouraged.

SOCIETY AND THE CAR: LADY EDWARD SPENCER CHURCHILL ON HER 15-H.P. COVENTRY-HUMBER LANDAULETTE.

Photograph by Campbell Gray.



THE ACTOR AND THE CAR: MR. BASIL GILL ON HIS SIZAIRE.

In our last Motor Supplement we gave the address of Messrs. Morgan and Co., Limited, the well-known coach and motor-body builders, at 10, Old Broad Street. This should have been 10, Old Bond Street, W.

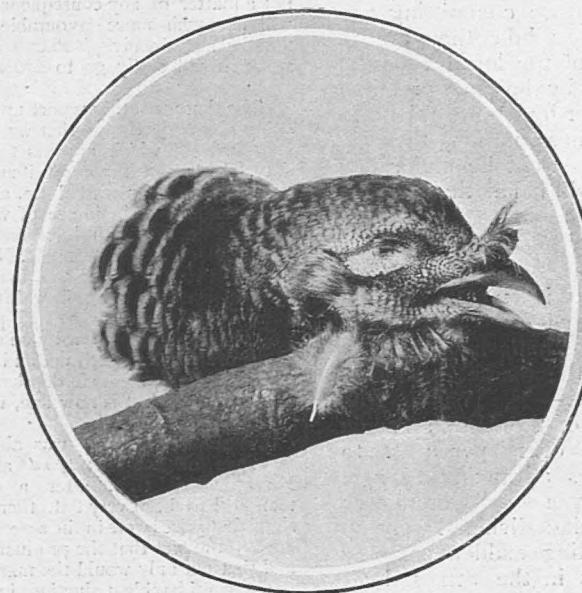
THE WORLD OF SPORT

WINNING OWNERS, TRAINERS, AND JOCKEYS—NATIONAL HUNT RUNNING—WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS.

WITH the close of the flat-race season will come the usual shoal of statistics. In the winning owners list I notice that the King's name figures as nineteenth. The King has only won nine races with five horses during 1908, and his total amounts to £5490. Let us hope that these figures will be larger next year. I am told that the Sandringham yearlings are a promising lot, and it may be that a change of luck will come with a change of stables, as R. Marsh is to leave Egerton House and take up residence at Grafton House, where he will train for his Majesty and Mr. Arthur James; while Lord Wolverton's horses are to remove to the Hon. G. Lambton's stables. Mr. J. B. Joel heads the list of winning owners; his wins include the City and Suburban with Dean Swift, the Stewards' Cup with Elmstead, and the St. Leger and Eclipse Stakes with Your Majesty. But Mr. Joel lost a lot of money when Pure Gem was beaten in the Cesarewitch. Mr. Neumann comes second on the list, and he owes his position to Siberia, who won four races, including the Jockey Club Stakes, value £7440. Mr. Fairie, who comes third, has won seven races, all with the one horse, Bayardo, and he is very likely to capture the Derby of 1909—that is, if Maher is in the saddle. Strange to add, Chevalier Ginistrelli, who comes fourth on the list, won only two races, the Derby and Oaks, with Signorinetta, one of the luckiest fillies of the century to have won either. Morton, who heads the list of winning trainers, has charge of Mr. J. B. Joel's, Mr. H. Barnato's, and Mr. Fitzgerald's horses at Letcombe Regis. He is a capable man. Alec Taylor, who comes second, is a very rich man. In fact, he paid £80,000 for an estate in Wiltshire a year or two back. He hopes to lead back the next Derby winner in Bayardo. Maher, who heads the winning jockeys list, has been putting on weight just lately; but he will, no doubt, do some wasting in the spring. He is riding as well as ever.

A capital list of fixtures has been arranged under National Hunt Rules, and it is worthy of note that on only one Monday during the winter season there will be no racing. Strange to relate, Monday, Jan. 4, will be a blank day, and, as a matter of course, two days before Christmas Day racegoers will get a rest. Every other date, bar Sundays, from the Manchester November Handicap day to the opening of the Lincoln flat-race meeting on March 22, 1909, is occupied, and if the weather keeps open, it will be a very busy jumping season. After the New Year begins the prizes will be valuable, and we shall then see many of the crack chasers in competition. Already the Grand National is talked about, and Paddy Maher is favourite at 33 to 1, although the entries are not due before the first week in January.

Frank Hartigan's horses are fit, and should be followed in the early weeks of the season, and the same could be said of all the Welsh trained horses. Gore's team at Findon contains such smashers as Jerry M., Cackler, and Holy War, and these should pay to follow. F. Driscoll has been secured by the stable as first jockey, and he is a very able man. Mason will continue to ride for his old patron, Mr. Bibby, and Cowley will don the Hartigan colours. I saw a jockey the other day walking about, looking very shabby, who a few years ago was one of the best. Such is luck. On the other hand, George Williamson, who in his time rode many good jumpers to victory, both in England and on the Continent, is now a country gentleman, and lives in the Nottingham district, where he entertains his friend Maher to some good hunting in the season. One of the most capable jockeys we have over hurdles to-day is the veteran T. Fitton, who is a capital finisher.



A PHEASANT KILLED BY A TREE.

The bird either flew or was blown with considerable force against a projecting branch of the tree, upon which it impaled itself, the branch piercing the throat and bill. It was found in Ulcombe Woods, near Maidstone.—[Photograph by Hamilton.]

All communications treated confidentially."

I have just been perusing the circular of a lady tipster, and it is good reading. The lady in question says:

"I am the personal associate of owners, trainers, and jockeys, and shall be pleased to correspond with and give professional advice to noblemen and gentlemen who can afford my terms. My own experience of owners, trainers, and jockeys' tips is not very encouraging; but the lady tipster evidently sets a store on these. However, I must honestly confess that I see no reason why a woman should not become quite as good a vaticinator as a mere man. The ladies do not make good backers, as they suffer from having too much information, and generally they back every horse they are told to in one race, with the result that a 6 to 4 chance rolls home, and they are money out of pocket. At the same time, they do not hesitate to have the last word, somewhat to the following effect: 'Never mind, I did back the winner.' When it comes to analysing book form, woman should shine, as she is very persevering; but there is always the danger of her going right out for the horse with a pretty name or one who is to carry pretty colours. At touting she wins every time. She asks questions in the paddock of all and sundry, and she pleads for information, where the stupid male is easily snubbed. Her weak spot lies in the fact that because she fancies one horse, nothing else in the race has any possible chance in her eyes, though, as I have before said, on occasion she has to her bow half-a-dozen strings, which all come within this category, and I really think she believes in her heart of hearts that her little bunch will run a dead-heat."

CAPTAIN COE.



MORE STARTLING THAN THE STUFFED DOG! A HORSE'S HEAD AS A MEMORIAL.

The remarkable and interesting memorial here illustrated shows the stuffed head of a favourite-charger. It was prepared by that famous naturalist, Mr. Rowland Ward, for one of his clients. The inscription reads, "Strong and true till death—Look, when a painter would surpass the life, In limning out a well-proportioned steed, His art with nature's workmanship at strife, As if the dead the living should exceed; So did this horse excel a common one in shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone—Shakespeare.—He was my friend."—[Photograph by Topical.]

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 25.

THE continued cheapness of money, one would think, must make for investment business on the Stock Exchange; and so, no doubt, it would, but for the political troubles, which cause many people to prefer 1½ per cent. on deposit to the higher rates which even first-class investments offer.

The large amount of spare capital available for Stock Exchange loans has been very evident in the light continuation rates charged on such things as Home Rails. The banks have been accommodating their customers at 2½ per cent. until the next account. In sheer defence, people with money will have to buy investments as soon as the political sky looks like clearing.

Ever since the International Securities Company was wound up and Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady made his pronouncement on the illegality of advertising premium bonds for sale in this country, we have had correspondents writing to ask if they are committing any illegal act in holding such bonds, and asking how they are to dispose of their holdings without a breach of the law. To calm the fears of such holders, we may say that, by holding premium bonds here, no one commits any offence; nor by handing them to a banker or broker to dispose of abroad, where, in fact, the only free markets are to be found. Our readers need not be under any anxiety that even the fate of the Suffragettes will befall them, either as holders or sellers of these bonds.

A DUET ON AMERICANS.

"One of these days—" Quite so, but it may be afar off even yet. "No one ever heard of a sensational—" We agree, but that is not much of an argument when the bulls have got the bit in their teeth and are bent upon making the market positively hum. "The dividends now paid do not—" That is true enough; on the other hand, rumour speaks of the Union Pacific dividend being raised, from its present rate of 10 per cent., to 15 per cent., and the price of the shares advancing to 250. "Fantastic reports like this deserve no heed from—" Precisely; nevertheless, it is a fact that the Union Pacific dividend went up from 6 per cent. to 10 per cent. with startling suddenness only a very few years ago. "Business conditions in the States don't warrant—" Even the most ardent bulls admit that; they say, though, that business will expand enormously under the security of the Taft régime. "Security? A singular word to use, surely, in connection with an apostle of Roosevelt? I can't see—" Nobody can, and that's just the danger. The time must come when to be a bear will bring a rich reward, but we venture to think those days won't be in the year of grace Nineteen Hundred and Eight.

BREWERY STOCKS.

If you think that the House of Lords will throw out the Licensing Bill on the Second Reading then you should buy brewery stocks; brewery stocks, that is, of the best sort. Truman Hanbury, Whitbread, Barclay Perkins—these are three breweries whose first debenture issues can be bought without fear, if the Lords decline to pass the Bill, despite all its amendments. Even some of the gamblers would pick up. Take Watney Preferred Ordinary at 28: there is a pretty stock for an out-and-out speculation. The brewery market is a horrible one to deal in, because of the difficulty of negotiating in both directions, but this very narrowness makes for violence of fluctuation when prices really do "get a move" on them. Prospects, it appears to us—regarding the political outlook with impartiality and unprejudice—favour the chances of a rise in brewery stocks; but there is this to be remembered: that, even if the Licensing Bill receives a *coup de grâce*, the Trade may find itself mulcted in heavy new taxes next spring. Wherefore it's decidedly the best plan to go to work with caution and great circumspection.

KAFFIRS—AND SOME OTHERS.

There was a Copper share called Newhouse Mines and Smelters recommended here two or three weeks ago, the price at that time being rather less than a guinea. The rise to 30s. suggests the advisability of snapping the useful little profit.

* * * * *

Knight's Centrals are being tipped on the commencement of crushing next January. So much has been expected from this property that any disappointment might cause sharp reaction in the shares. First crushings are seldom very satisfactory. *Verba sap.*

* * * * *

As speculative investments returning about 9 per cent. on the money, and with quite a fair chance of advance in price, Knight's Gold Mining and Witwatersrand Deep appeal on the score of merit. A hundred pounds used in the purchase of a few shares of each would be likely to prove useful as a money-maker.

* * * * *

East Rands ought to be left alone by any but the gambler. The Company's mines seem to be worked at extreme pressure, and with not enough regard to the future for our liking. But, as a spec., of course East Rands are the first to move whenever there is anything doing in the Kaffir Circus.

A lot of Balkis can be got by the outlay of a very little money. For a fiver, a hundred shares become your property. They say the Company is doing less badly, and that the shares are worth the having. Purely a giddy gamble, of course.

* * * * *

Other "giddy gambles" are the Rhodesian Copper shares, such as Northerns, Copper Trust, and Rhodesia Copper. They have an occasional fling, when a shilling or two rise causes much excitement. On merits—if they have any at all—they are questionable holdings. On spec., they are not so bad. But let it be most emphatically repeated that they are gambling shares.

It is not surprising that *Sao Paulo Railway Ordinary* stock should have advanced to £210, for even at that price the return to be obtained by the investor compares favourably with that on any other Foreign Railway stock. The stock is now firmly established on a 13 per cent. basis, and as the dividend is paid tax free, the actual dividend is about 13½ per cent., or about 6½ per cent. at the present price. The high return is, no doubt, largely due to the heavy nature of a security standing at over 100 per cent. premium; but for the investor this is not a matter of any consequence. There is ample evidence that the current year will be much more favourable than its predecessor, and the receipts for five months are already £200,000 ahead of 1907. With better markets ahead, this stock should easily go to 220 again.

The three-monthly report up to Sept. 30 of the *Tuquah Mining and Exploration Company* shows that work has been much retarded by the exceptionally heavy rainfall, which appears to have continued this year to an abnormally late date. The most important item in the report refers to the developments on the lowest level so far opened up, and it is satisfactory to find that the drive on this level continues to be in ore of very high grade. At the date of the last report, the drive on this fifth level had penetrated 50 ft. N.E. and 50 ft. S.W. It has now been extended to 119 ft. N.E. and 136 ft. S.W. From 50 ft. to 115 ft. N.E. the ore is worth £7 per ton, over a width of 62 in. From 50 ft. to 135 ft. S.W. the reef averages 61 in. in width, and is worth £7 per ton. The face of the drive going N.E. is in ore worth £6 per ton, and the S.W. drive is in ore worth over £8 per ton. It need hardly be said that these figures are much above the average of the ore so far opened up, and it is to be hoped that every effort will be made to push on developments in depth as rapidly as possible. The report for the year ended June 30 last is now due, when further information should be available.

Sir Robert Harvey was able to speak fairly hopefully of the future at the meetings of the *Liverpool* and *Colorado* Nitrate Companies on Thursday. He remarked that, after a number of months, during which the nitrate market had been very flat, there was now a much better tone, and there were signs that prices were in the ascendant. The larger operators were shrewdly becoming alive to the fact that the production was not going to exceed 38,000,000 quintals, and that not only would the market require every quintal of it, but that they would see a considerable reduction in the accumulated stocks. The statement lately circulated that the Combination had been renewed for five years was, of course, premature; but, no doubt, before the end of March, when the present Combination terminates, producers will again see the wisdom of limiting the output. In this connection, all those who are interested in Nitrate shares should read the speech of the Hon. Herbert C. Gibbs at the meeting of the Pan de Azucar Nitrate Company on the 10th inst. In the meantime, there seems to be no reason why those who hold shares in such Companies as have been favourably mentioned in these columns should part with them at present quotations.

Saturday, Nov. 14, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

PREMIUM.—You may make your mind easy, as by holding the Congo and Ottoman Bonds you bought from the International people you are not committing any illegal act. See this week's Notes.

WILKIN.—Your list is a good one. Nos. 1 and 3 are short-lived. Chartered we have no faith in. If the shares were our own we should hold on to the whole lot. Except in the Copper Company case we think the shares will practically all move up or down together.

J. H.—We have made it a rule, and so stated often in these columns, never to advise upon the shares in question. It would not be decent to do so.

J. T. A.—The people you inquire about are supposed to be in financial difficulties, and we know they have asked for time to pay many clients. It certainly seems foolish to deal with them, and, besides the risk of legitimate losses, chance as well their failure.

T. J. L. (Canada)—Nothing has appeared in *The Sketch* as to the Copperfield except by way of advertisement paid for in the usual way. If you communicate with Burton and Co., to Essex Street, London, W.C., you might get further information.

CANTON.—We think the Imperial Railway Bonds are the best for holding. Cuba Gold Bonds are also very good.

E. P.—The Ordinary shares of the River Plate Gas Company or the Ordinary stocks of any of the first-class Argentine Railways would answer your description of what you require.

B. B.—None of your shares are, in our judgment, worth buying. They look like a lot of bucket-shop tips. You had far better buy good Kaffirs for a profit, or some of the West Africans mentioned by "Q" last month. *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Preference are the best lock-up we know.

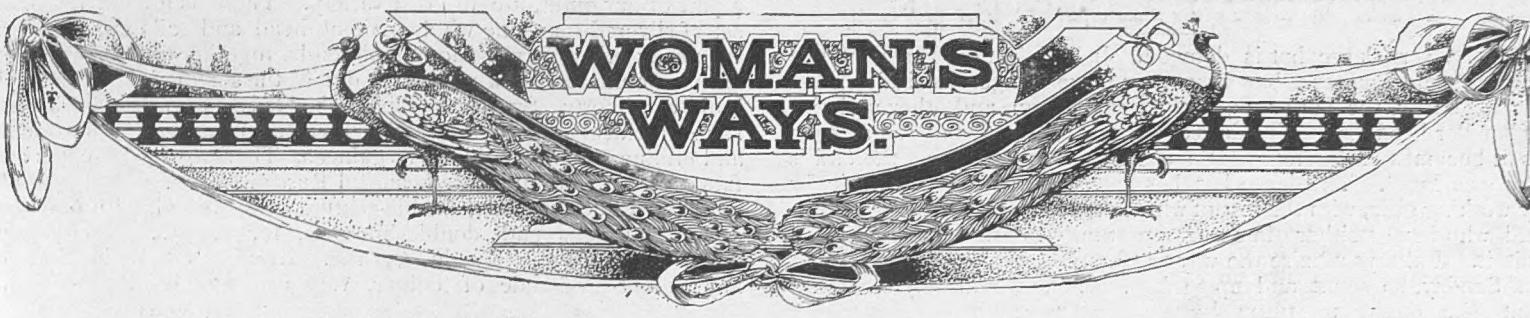
HERCULES.—The shares do not attract us, and we look upon the purchase as a pure gamble. Directors are always optimists.

POOLE.—Your letter was answered on the 13th inst.

NIGEL.—No need to sell. The recent falling-off in the monthly profits is largely caused, we understand, by the policy of paying for new machinery out of current revenue.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Doncaster Rossano may win the Falmouth Handicap, Carnto His Majesty's Plate, and Wavella the Stanley Nursery. I like Crow Cup for the Fitzwilliam Plate, and Sir Wolfus for the Downe Nursery. At Folkestone the November Handicap should go to Knead, and the Romsey Handicap to Japan. The Town Nursery may be won by Caspian. There should be good sport at Hurst Park on Saturday, when some of the following may go close: November Handicap, Snatch; Vyner Handicap, Double Thrush; Nursery Handicap, Ute; Palace Selling Handicap, Historic. Cargill is said to be good business for the Manchester November Handicap.



WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Wanted—a Home. A lady has the courage to speak out in the current *Fortnightly Review* about flats and their devastation of home life. It is not, of course, that you cannot live in a flat, but that it hardly ever suggests a home. Most people have a restless feeling in those huge "mansions" which have risen in every quarter of London. The suite of rooms, the narrow passages, inevitably suggest a boarding-house, and who ever lived longer than three weeks in a boarding-house without wanting to leave it? Then, as Mrs. Groser justly says, you cannot make a home without kittens, and babies, and growing flowers; and all these desirable things are well-nigh impossible in flat-land. For a man, a home should contain a wine-cellars, of which he can take stock, a library, in which he keeps his books and pipes, and divers mysterious cupboards, where repose hammers, nails, brass wire, and the flotsam and jetsam of human lives. In a flat there is no place to "muddle," and that most entertaining of all occupations is denied to its unhappy tenants. So they spend their week-ends in places to which they do not want to go, and have no leisure to make memories which might hang, like a mysterious aura, about their hearths. In one of Mr. Herbert Trench's most touching poems, a widower returns to the house where he has loved and lost a beautiful wife. He questions the threshold, the table, the chest, the couch, the window from which she looked, and all have poignant memories for the lonely man. It is not possible to think of such an elegy being composed about a "flat."

A Monstrous Regiment of Women. Unless the legislators of this age are wise enough to make a handsome gift of the franchise to their feminine contemporaries, it would seem as if the privilege might be wrested from them by main force when the young generation grow up, for we are threatened, according to the experts, with a veritable "monstrous regiment of women." Both Lady Grove and Mr. John Hassall prophesy that the woman of the future will be extremely tall, and, owing to her hygienic life, robust and muscular as well. Mr. Hassall ventures the opinion that the blushing maiden of a hundred years hence will usually be six feet six in height. The Suffragette of the future will thus be a redoubtable personage, fit to tackle, with her own fair hands, the most stalwart policeman which Yorkshire can put upon Parliament Square. Moreover, the constable of a hundred years hence may possibly be of somewhat diminutive stature, for no one can fail to notice that English boys are growing smaller, while their sisters are waxing huge. It is a relief to hear that, in spite of her muscular superiority, the Young Person of six feet six will still wear beautiful clothes. Whatever their shape

and texture, Woman would not be Woman if she did not insist upon "fit," while *chic* has been the prerogative of the Fair as far back as the city of Knossos. For there have been unearthed among the ruins portraits of dancing-girls whose hats and draperies can vie with those of the sauciest minx on the modern stage, so that we may reasonably look forward to another three thousand years or so of pardonable feminine vanity.

George Paston and the Modern Girl. The ethics of Woman have permeated, it would seem, even the jam-factories of the East End, for in George Paston's sympathetic little play, "Tilda's New Hat," we have the whole theory of the solidarity of women put into dramatic form. Matilda Fishwick has made a fearful and wonderful hat for the special ensnaring of a young printer of a priggish turn; but finding that a dowdy little friend has a prior claim on his affections, she makes one splendid effort, dresses up the forsaken maiden in her own finery, fluffs out her hair, and throws her into the arms of the fickle compositor. Though the heroine is left in tears, we feel sure that a girl with so much pride and generosity will make a success in the world; and indeed, she deserves a better fate than the half-baked workman, addicted to Ruskin societies, who treats her so shabbily. What is remarkable about the feminine dramatic work of the day is that in women's plays the female characters display sympathy and kindness towards each other; while masculine dramatists are old-fashioned enough to make their women "catty." It shows a lack of close observation to make the feminine characters in a modern play behave in the manner of the eighteen-eighties.



A DINNER-GOWN OF PEARL-GREY CHARMOUSE,
WITH A DEEP SILK FRINGE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

Farewell to the Food Faddist. Those whose pleasure takes them much into the dining-places and drawing-rooms of London will have noticed that the health and food faddist has almost disappeared this autumn. We no longer jog elbows with serious young gentlemen who insist on weighing their sustenance in miniature scales, take microbe-killers on bread-and-jam, or grow pale at the sight even of a green-pea. Once more, people eat and drink sensibly, without bothering their neighbours with details of their digestion; and the world, consequently, is considerably more amusing than it was a year ago. But though the persons over-solicitous about their diet have been weaned from valetudinarianism, the folks with "hobbies" are growing more numerous. A club for these fortunates—male and female after their kind—is actually being started, and the only drawback to this newest of London circles would seem to be that members will possibly bore each other to tears over their particular fads.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE very large hat is doomed. It will last out this winter in some quarters, but even now it has dangerous rivals in the busby, the Tartar toque, the Shah turban, and other varieties of smaller headgear. The days of any fashion are numbered as soon as it becomes exaggerated. So soon as it is grotesque, the end is close at hand. The large hat has been taken up enthusiastically by working girls, with the rest of whose attire it is utterly incongruous, and who have neither time nor opportunity to arrange their hair to suit it. I always admire the way the London working girl turns out on Sunday, so smart and up to date. If she would only recognise that she ought to turn out suitably on working days she would not present so weird a sight as she often does, and would have less murders of the fashions which she loves on her conscience. A neat, convenient, and tidy business-going dress would be such a comfort to her, and she would look so nice in it. But Sunday finery in weekday hurry and all weathers is a depressing sight.

Fringe is becoming a more than ever fashionable trimming for evening dresses. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a particularly graceful dinner dress of pearl-grey charmeuse satin, with a deep silk fringe to match, having sleeves to the wrists, and chemisette of fine Mechlin lace.

A real Navy wedding is that arranged between Miss Dorothy Fisher, daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir John and Lady Fisher, and Lieutenant Eric Fullerton, R.N., son of Admiral Sir John and Lady Fullerton. Sir John was for a long time Captain of the King's yacht *Victoria and Albert*. Lady Fullerton belongs to the family of Capell, of which Lord Essex is the head. Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord, has been a very prominent personage in Naval matters. His wife belongs to the old Staffordshire family of Delves-Broughton.

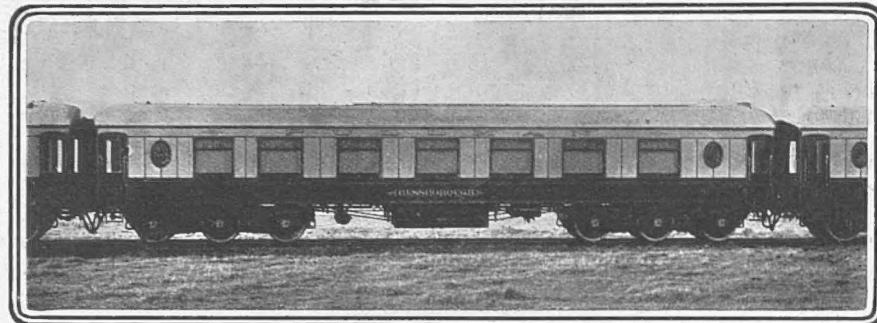
The daughter of the late Captain W. G. Middleton, the celebrated sportsman known as Bay Middleton, is to be married to Mr. Malcolm Borwick, of the Scots Greys, in which regiment Prince Arthur of Connaught is Captain.

The Countess of Sefton, who is one of the daughters of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, is a very keen sportswoman, and, except for racing and coursing meetings, cares very little for social assemblages. Last winter she spent with her husband in Abyssinia, and herself bagged a lion. This autumn she stalked and killed two heavy stags in Lord Lovat's forest of Farlie. She is very good-looking, dresses smartly and inconspicuously, and is a great favourite with all who know her.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire came into residence last week at Devonshire House for the first time as a settled thing since the late Duke's death. There is considerable curiosity as to whether the house will continue to be the centre of hospitality it was under the sway of Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, who has now taken a house in Grosvenor Square. The new Duchess is the daughter of the Marchioness of Lansdowne, one of our greatest ladies and foremost hostesses. The Duchess has a large family, and is a devoted mother, but will doubtless also fulfil the obligations of her position as regards entertaining.

The strenuous times we live in make shopping under one roof a necessity for some ladies, while most of us look upon it as a luxury we delight in. At Shoolbred's fine establishment it has the further merit of being economical, for the value offered in the various departments of the great house is remarkable. I had the pleasure of looking over only a few of them to-day. Furs, now so important

a part of our outfit, are in great variety. There is a most tempting set of silvered fox—one whole animal, head and tails complete for the neck; others forming long stole-ends, together with a large, soft Grannie muff, also showing head and tails, the set for eight guineas. It looks worth forty. Similar sets in smoked fox are £5 18s. 6d.; while a smart, handsome musquash double-breasted coat, with embroidered and ermine collar, is sold for 13 guineas. There are motor-coats and furs of every kind up to the beautiful Russian sables. Nothing could be better value than long double-texture heavy tweed, with opossum collar and cuffs and double-breasted, for £3 5s. Lined with squirrel fur, they are only £5 10s. Evening cloaks in cloth of any colour or shade of colour, very handsomely trimmed with guipure lace dyed to match, and lined with silk and interlined, for £2 15s., look very smart and styleful. The new fur Saracen and Tartar toques are a feature of the millinery department. Trimmed with coloured quills run through rosettes of coloured ribbons, they are only 29s. 6d. For this sum also a lovely green-satin hat is obtainable, trimmed with shaded roses and velvet; while a plum-coloured satin chapeau, with plum-coloured dahlias round the crown and a large bow of cerise velvet in front, is most attractive. Bonnets are a feature of this millinery



THE NEW AND REMARKABLE EXPRESS: A CARRIAGE OF THE "SOUTHERN BELLE," NOW RUNNING BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

The interiors of the cars are extremely ornate, and the whole affair is a remarkable addition to the luxurious trains of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. This new Pullman Limited express runs between London and Brighton, and has accommodation for 219 people. The price of a day return ticket is twelve shillings. The seven cars which make up the train have cost some £40,000.

establishment, and very ladylike and nice they look; they are in great variety. Blouses are literally in thousands. There are some new French ones of woollen delaine that have long lines of white tucks all down the fronts, and the close long sleeves that are very smart indeed, and cost only 9s. 11d. Japanese silk blouses in long tucks in somewhat similar style are 21s.; in Taffeta chiffon, 33s. 6d.; and in crêpe-de-Chine, 35s. 6d. The children's department is also singularly well equipped. A feature is in the lace department—slip blouses of lace with high collars and long sleeves for 10s. 6d. in French and imitation Irish lace. The fascinating neck ruffles and the frillings are also charming, and such good value. Motoring has made a demand for warm gloves, whatever the temperature may be. There is an extraordinary variety of cosy hand-wear at Shoolbred's. A long gauntlet glove lined with fur, and fastened with a strap in a most ingenious and effective way, will find favour with men. These gloves are 15s. 6d. a pair. Antelope gauntlet gloves lined with beaver, for 32s. 6d. a pair, would be a delightful present. The variety of winter hand-wear is as large as the quality is attractive and the value good.

The London Corset Company, in New Bond Street, bought the whole of Jeanne Hallé's magnificent exhibit of costumes at the Franco-British Exhibition, and are now offering them at delightfully favourable terms to their clients. The fit of these gowns, which caused such a sensation at the Exhibition, is largely due to the corsets. We all know how wide is the reputation attained by the London Corset Company in this respect. The Court dress of gold brocade is finished with gold tassels in front, and exquisite embroidery in small brilliants on black net over the arms. The

train of flesh-coloured velvet is embroidered in gold and brilliants in very fine work, and is edged with gold metal cloth, which does not tarnish. It is lined and ruched with satin and chiffon. There are evening gowns—one of black, soft satin embroidered in dull gold, with Lohengrin wings, and exquisitely fitting in Directoire style—and there are perfect afternoon dresses. They are well worth a visit of inspection, if it is only to see how absolutely the fit of these dresses depends on being corseted as the L.C. Company can corset its clientèle.



THE NEW LOUNGE OF THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, LONDON.

The new lounge has been reconstructed from the old reception-room and corridors, with important additions, and has been entirely remodelled and redecorated so as to meet the requirements of the hotel visitor of to-day. The style that has been adopted is the Renaissance that was introduced into England in the days of Inigo Jones. The new reading and writing room, with its Louis XVI. decorations, is at once light, cheerful, decorative, and comfortable, with its painted silk panels, its curtains of warm soft red. The contractors, Maple and Co., of Tottenham Court Road, have brought about a transformation that will be much appreciated.—[Photograph by Bedford Lemere and Co.]

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